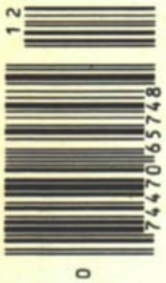
Manhattan's missing middle class
Why parents think they can't stay home (and how they can)
What Ian Fleming and John LeCarré didn't know about spies

The Washington Monthly

DECEMBER 1984 /$2.50

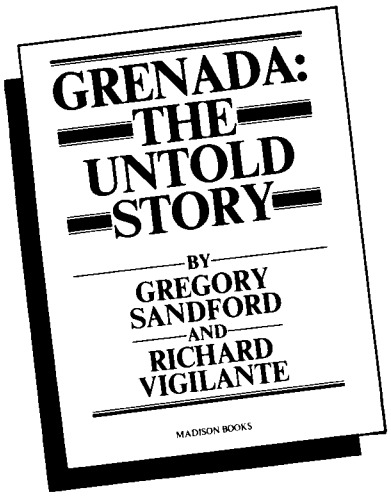
What David Broder Could Learn From Sally Quinn (and vice versa)



Style

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Important New Books You'll Want to Talk About:



Grenada: The Untold Story

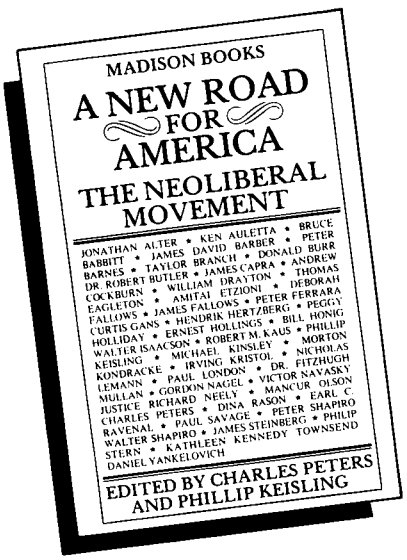
by Gregory W. Sandford and Richard Vigilante

Based on captured documents only recently declassified, this startling, in-depth account traces the rise of Maurice Bishop's New JEWEL Movement to its collapse following the murder of Bishop and his close associates by a Communist faction within the Grenadian government and the subsequent intervention by other Caribbean islands and U.S. armed forces.

Grenada: The Untold Story reveals the shocking story—the secret Communist agenda, never revealed to the Grenadian people—the secret military agreements, and details for the first time the full extent of Cuban involvement.

Gregory W. Sandford is a career Foreign Service Officer and served as Consular Officer at the U.S. Embassy in Barbados in 1980-81. Richard Vigilante is a Washington-based journalist and television producer of documentaries.

Cloth, 220 pages, 0-8191-4310-3 $13.95



A New Road for America: The Neoliberal Movement

edited by Charles Peters and Phillip Keisling

Developed from a 1983 conference sponsored by *The Washington Monthly,* this new work represents a broad-based manifesto for the neo-liberal movement, including contributions from Ernest Hollings, Thomas Eagleton, James Fallows, Hendrik Hertzberg, Donald Burr, Victor Navasky, Michael Kinsley, Morton Kondracke, Daniel Yankelovich, Irving Kristol, and others. Charles Peters, the "godfather" of the neoliberal movement, is Editor of *The Washington Monthly.* Phillip Keisling is a former editor of *The Washington Monthly.*

Paper, 250 pages, 0-8191-4087-2 $7.95

Distributed by
The Scribner Book Companies
Order Department
Front and Brown Streets
Burlington County
Riverside, NJ 08075

PUBLISHED BY **MADISON BOOKS,**
A DIVISION OF **UNIVERSITY PRESS OF AMERICA.**

All orders must be prepaid; please add $1.50 for postage and handling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the press doesn't make a lot of people mad, it isn't doing its job.

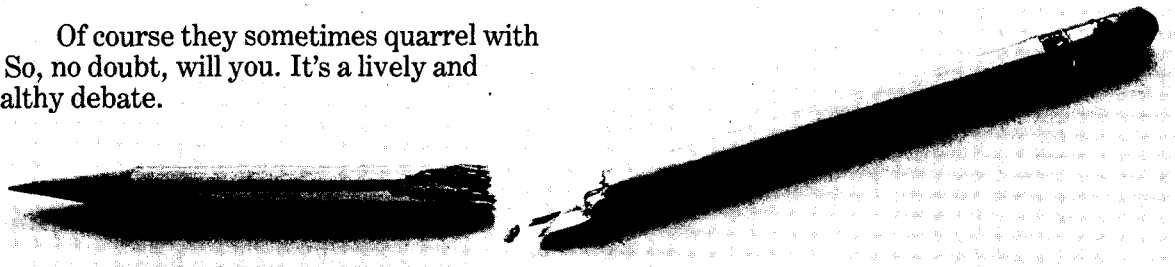
If we don't irritate a good many in journalism, we aren't doing ours.

So we criticize the critics. Investigate the investigators. Edit the editors. Publish the publishers' shortcomings.

Most of them forgive us, because they know we share their commitment to honest and courageous journalism. Every year, more and more of America's leading print and broadcast journalists read and applaud the *Columbia Journalism Review.*

Of course they sometimes quarrel with it. So, no doubt, will you. It's a lively and healthy debate.

But all of us know that ours is much more than merely a gadfly function. We take pride, as well, in wholehearted salutes to many jobs well done...in candid discussion of the privileges our press enjoys...the threats that often confront it ...and the problems inherent in the power it sometimes wields.



COLUMBIA JOURNALISM REVIEW

200 Alton Place, Marion, Ohio 43302

Why not join us?

"**Yes,** please sign me up for a one-year subscription at the special introductory rate of $9.95 for six bi-monthly issues. I understand that if I am not satisfied, I may cancel this subcription at any time and receive a refund on all unmailed issues."

☐ I enclose payment ☐ Bill me

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Great Gains

It is not surprising that six people had to collaborate, five as "researchers," to produce so misleading, error-filled, and ignorant an article as Jonathan Rowe's in your October issue ["Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Foreign Policy"]. It cannot have been easy.

In the last five years, democracy has made extraordinary gains in Latin America, where country after country has become or is about to become free: Argentina, Honduras, El Salvador, Uruguay, and Grenada are examples. Somehow this escapes the attention of Mr. Rowe and his "researchers." Every year, the State Department releases a 1,500-page report on human rights in every country in the world, and that report has been hailed by Congress, the press, and human rights groups. The "researchers" must have missed that one. The United States has spoken out again and again against human rights violations in Chile, South Africa, Paraguay, and El Salvador, as well as Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Vietnam, and Iran. In fact, there is more human rights activity now than ever before, while recent studies have noted the increasing failure of human rights policy with each passing year of the Carter administration. This all managed to remain hidden from the "researchers."

Mr. Rowe's article is, sadly, not serious. Serious evaluations of Reagan administration achievements and failures, no matter how critical, advance U.S. human rights policy. Flip attacks filled with mistakes don't. Take the Philippines, where the U.S. confronts a friendly country in the throes of a crisis both economic and political. It is a crisis the president discussed recently with perhaps the Philippines' best-known critic of the government, Cardinal Jaime Sin—a fact that also escaped the "researchers." United States policy is not to support or oppose President Marcos; it is to support the Philippines in this moment of crisis, especially with economic aid that Mr. Rowe and his crew want cut off, and to press hard for a return to democratic institutions and for basic economic reform. How to get from here to full democracy is the challenge all Filipinos, and their friends in the U.S., face, and there are no magic wands to wave. Mr. Rowe's article is silly, for he wants readers to believe it's all easy and uncomplicated, just a matter of clapping our hands and producing democracy.

I thought neoliberals were supposed to realize that life, and foreign policy, weren't that simple.

ELLIOTT ABRAMS
Washington, D.C.

The author is assistant secretary of state for human rights and humanitarian affairs.

The day previous to reading your inspired article I had read an article on Chile by Mr. Diehl in *The Washington Post* weekly edition. Mr. Diehl's article leads the reader to believe that General Pinochet is a charismatic people's choice. Having just completed a research project on torture in Chile, I was outraged by this misrepresentation. The only "choice" that Chileans have is to accept Pinochet's repressive administration or face torture, death, or exile. To be met with your article the following day was considerable relief!

You have restored my dying faith in the First Amendment as a constitutional shield that protects truthful but controversial speech as well as the all-too-often undisputed lie. It is a comfort to know that apathy and pussyfooting do not haunt the editorial corners of *The Washington Monthly*. Human rights are still alive and well in the United States in spite of the Oval Office.

RUTH A. HINDMAN
Torrance, California

[Jonathan Rowe's] article in the October issue was outstanding. To someone like me who has more than a passing interest in foreign policy it was like a breath of fresh air after being smothered by the Reagan administration. And to someone like me who has worked for the National Security Agency, the section "Using Our Eyes and Ears" was particularly interesting.

It has always disgusted me that so few of our foreign service officers know the language(s) and the history and cultures of their host countries. You rightly point out that a lot of this is due to the State Department's attempt to prepare all FSOs to be secretary of state. Our armed forces follow a similar misguided policy by transferring people (especially officers) every two or three years regardless of how much they know about their jobs at the end of one tour or how little they know about their new jobs at the beginning of their next tour. Likewise, the result of this policy in the military is similar to that in the foreign service: incompetence, lackadaisical/bureaucratic attitudes, a feeling that "it doesn't matter what I do since I'll be gone soon." In short, we get careerism at the expense of professionalism.

Whether we actually get the information we need from our intelligence agencies and the State Department is another question. I was surprised, when I went to work at NSA, that in all things we analysts were to be cautious and call a spade a spade. We were not to draw conclusions based on limited evidence and when we saw something new or different we were to report what we saw. On the other hand, the CIA tries to find communist and, especially, Soviet involvement in events that even considerable analysis shows to be innocent. In one case a CIA analyst was visiting us to see what information we had about Soviet involvement in a particular area. When we told him we'd not seen any indication of Soviet involvement over many months, he pressed us to look again saying, "We know it's there," even though the evidence indicated otherwise. I was told after he left that such incidents were not uncommon—even under previous administrations.

In my view, our decision-makers do get most of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

information they need to make good decisions. The problem seems to be not so much the availability of information as what advisers and decision-makers do with it. Their myopia (as you pointed out) makes them discount information that doesn't confirm their preconceptions. Underlings eventually get the message. The boss only wants to see certain information and, since they want to keep their jobs, they are more than willing to oblige.

The CIA, in theory, is able to decide what higher-ups see and don't see because it is our *Central* Intelligence Agency: the agency to which all raw intelligence from the other agencies, including NSA, is supposed to go for analysis and packaging as what's called "finished intelligence." The CIA's filtering process has long been a bone of contention between NSA and CIA since NSA's information is "hard"—signals intelligence—while CIA's information is "soft"—human intelligence. (Hard intelligence is more credible than is soft intelligence.) NSA seems to have won on this point since SIGINT reports now go directly to "consumers" without first going through the CIA. But that doesn't mean other filters don't exist to shelter the ultimate consumers—the secretary of state, national security adviser, president—from the truth. I'm sure there are H.R. Haldemans in the Reagan White House and were in the Carter White House. Your solution is the right one: presidents who demand to hear the bad news with the good.

The biggest problem I noticed while at NSA was the concentration of effort on the Soviet Union and China to the exclusion of the rest of the world. While the Marines were in Lebanon and during the Grenada invasion, I saw how this lack of coverage could affect the quality of information going to decision-makers. NSA's 24-hour operations center has only two desks that act as clearing houses for intelligence from this part of the world. That's right, only two people to keep track of intelligence happenings in the places most likely to give us foreign policy and military problems. (Compare this to the dozens of people who handle the Soviet bloc and China.) Those in charge of our intelligence efforts need to recognize that while it's important to keep track of what the Russians and Chinese are doing, it's the third world and terrorism all over that are going to present us with our biggest challenges. We can't expect to be able to act before the fact unless we have intelligence assets in place and know what's happening in the non-Soviet/Chinese world. Iran is a perfect example of how the current policy can fail us. I hope the Philippines is not another.

(name withheld)

Duped Again

Your shot at the upper-class benefactors of Simpson-Mazzoli ["Tilting at Windmills," September] hits the family farmer right between the eyes. You've played

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY

Journalism Award

for September 1984 is presented to

ABC News

In its news special, "To Save Our Schools, to Save Our Children," ABC explored such problems as the lack of supervision for "latchkey" children of working parents, the influence of television (by graduation, high school students have spent up to 5,000 more hours before a TV screen than before a teacher), and teacher incompetence (in California a third of the graduates of education schools fail a required test of basic reading, writing, and math skills). The problems have become familiar, but ABC treated them with an urgency that made them fresh.

Will McGowan
New Age Journal

In this study of whistleblowing, McGowan explores with great sensitivity the human problems faced by dissidents in government and private industry. Of particular note was a series of profiles of whistleblowers that accompanied the article.

The Monthly Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper or magazine article (or series of articles) on our political system. Nominations from any newspaper or magazine in the country are welcome. The subject can be government in its federal, state, or municipal manifestation.

The award for articles published in November will be announced in the February issue. Nominations will close December 15. Nominations should be accompanied by two copies of the article or articles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right into the hands of the agri-industry moguls. You obviously need a way-of-life farmer on your editorial staff.

A. McLEAN
Scotts Valley, California

Or They Could Be at the Dentist

Don't you think it's a little simplistic to equate Friday absences from work with some kind of wrongdoing ("Tilting at Windmills," October)? Another explanation might be that many people use up vacation days this way, particularly in the summer. I would guess that for many people (including me), this is a way of using my vacation that I otherwise would have trouble taking (and sometimes end up losing). Not all of us can always take our vacations in week-long batches whenever we want. Or, we might prefer not to use it up all at once.

JUD LAWRIE
Chicago, Illinois

Supports Support

One of the windmills you regularly go full-tilt at is the military retirement system. Your October statement was: "Most of us simply don't do work that is physically demanding or dangerous." I fear that here you have generalized from Army experience to the military overall without considering the uniqueness of Navy and Marine Corps in this area.

Not all Navy and Marine Corps personnel are on sea duty at any given time, but essentially all do rotate between sea and shore regularly throughout their service time. When at sea, they share danger pretty much equally. The work is physically demanding (just standing upright in a seaway is physically demanding) and risky.

The difference here between Navy/Marine Corps and Army/Air Force is that the sea services place forces in forward areas through deployment of autonomous, self-contained units which include support personnel, whereas the land services place combat units forward but keep support personnel home, with individuals fitting into career categories as you allude to.

Consider some examples to illustrate my point:

The Marines killed in Beirut were members of a headquarters company largely composed of support personnel, the sort you say do not live dangerously.

The entire crews of *Thresher* and *Scorpion* were lost, including the cooks and clerks and supply officers. In the case of *Thresher*, a number of personnel from Portsmouth Naval Shipyard were also killed.

The more accurate statement of the Navy/Marine Corps situation is that *all* share the risks and the physical hardships (as well as family separation). A fair assessment would acknowledge that this occupation is physically more demanding and more dangerous than what average citizens are exposed to. Good compensation is just.

JOHN L. BYRON
Arlington, Virginia

The Washington Monthly

Editor in Chief Charles Peters.
Editors Timothy Noah, Jonathan Rowe.
Contributing Editors Jonathan Alter, Thomas N. Bethell, Tom Bethell, Taylor Branch, Gregg Easterbrook, James Fallows, Mickey Kaus, Phillip Keisling, Michael Kinsley, Nicholas Lemann, Suzannah Lessard, Arthur Levine, Joseph Nocera, Thomas Redburn, Leonard Reed, Walter Shapiro.
Editorial Advisory Board Graham Allison, James David Barber, Edgar Cahn, David Halberstam, Murray Kempton, Richard Reeves, Hugh Sidey.
Assistants to the Editor Jennifer Barrett, Carol Trueblood.

Business Manager Mark Laughlin. *Advertising and Promotion Director* Deborah Pfeiffer. *Art Director* Kelcey L. Dodds. *Interns* Marjorie Glaser, Jim Lynn, Zachary Nauth, Martin R. Olech.

Proofreaders and Volunteers Jane Beachner, Kathleen David, Zachary Ellis, Deena Flinchum, Dana Frix, W. Vann Hall, Alvin Hutchinson, Quinith Janssen, Lisa Lopez, Terri Maciocha, Mark Sullivan, Bill Wheatley, Shela Turpin-Forster.

Published monthly except combined July/August issue by The Washington Monthly Company, 1711 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009 (202) 462-0128.

© 1984 by The Washington Monthly Co. All rights reserved. Reproduction by any method whatsoever without permission is prohibited.

ISSN 0043-0633.

Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions: one year, $30; two years, $56; three years, $77. Additional charges per year, foreign subscriptions: Canada, $3; other, $25 air mail, $3 surface mail. Back issues, $3. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to 1711 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20009. For change of address, please provide four weeks' notice and return old address label. New subscriptions only: 1-800-341-1522. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to The Washington Monthly, 1711 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

The Washington Monthly is indexed in the Book Review Index, Political Science Abstracts, Public Affairs Information Service, the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, the Social Science Index, and Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory, and may be obtained on microfilm from University Microfilms International, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48106.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Second class postage paid at Washington, D.C.

A charming place to eat in downtown Washington.
—The Washington Monthly

Iron Gate Inn
737-1370
1734 N St., Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS

Volume Sixteen, Number Eleven December 1984

Tilting at Windmills
by Charles Peters
Cowards in the House of Representatives... the surgeon in the cafeteria... and other odds and ends... 6

What David Broder Could Learn from Sally Quinn (and Vice Versa)
by Timothy Noah
Bringing fact, thought, and feeling together. 12

The Organization Spook
by Peter Grier
Despite its cloak-and-dagger image, the OSS was just another Washington bureaucracy. 20

ENDING NINE-TO-FIVE NEGLECT OF OUR CHILDREN

The Part-Time Solution
by Deborah Baldwin
How one parent is working less and enjoying it more. 25

Why Parents Think They Can't Stay Home
by Phillip Keisling
Pretend Work, The Fraternity Hazing Syndrome, and other obstacles to happy families. 30

Swimming in the Atomic Lagoon
by Eileen Quigley
Participants in the nuclear tests of the forties and fifties belonged to the last generation of Americans that trusted its government implicitly. Today many of them are dying from radiation exposure. 34

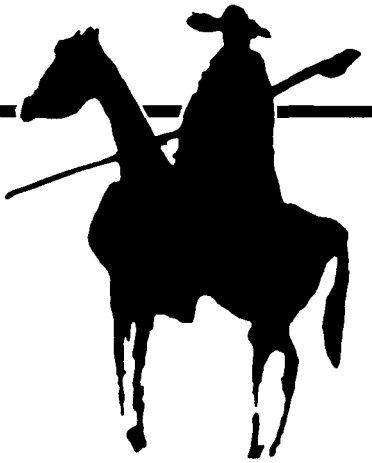
The Case of the Missing Middle Class: Money Madness in Manhattan
by Walter Shapiro
How New York made me want to be rich. 44

On Political Books
by Phillip Keisling
Neoconservatives invoke "values" to dismantle the welfare state. Instead, we should use those values to rebuild it. 50

LETTERS 2
MEMO OF THE MONTH 33
MONTHLY JOURNALISM AWARD 3
POLITICAL BOOKNOTES 56
POLITICAL PUZZLE 43
TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES 54
WHO'S WHO 24

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TILTING AT WINDMILLS



When R.W. Apple Jr., the London correspondent of *The New York Times*, returned to this country for a visit a year ago, he was impressed by the "new stirrings of patriotism" he found as he traveled across the land. Those words became the title of a cover article he wrote for *The New York Times Magazine* last December. The flag-waving at the Olympics and at the Democratic and Republican conventions offered further evidence to support Apple's thesis.

My question is what does this new patriotism mean? Are people willing to translate their flag-waving into acts of sacrifice for the common good? Are the rich willing to perform their share of military service or are they going to continue to bribe the poor to do it for them? Are we willing to give up the tax breaks that benefit us or do we want the other fellow to do the sacrificing?

I believe the future belongs to leaders who will ask these questions. Ironically, a number of commentators are now counseling the Democratic party to rebuild itself by catering to the special interests of the middle class. This is terrible advice. The party is in decline because of its sell-out to various groups. It should not seek salvation by adding one more to the list....

What is wrong with the Democratic party is concisely explained by *The Washington Post*'s Mike Causey in an article about the party platform: "The federal employee portion of the Democratic document was written in large part by representatives of federal and postal worker unions."...

When President Reagan said the CIA's Nicaragua manual, that handy assassination guide, was being investigated, who do you think was assigned to do the investigating? It was the agency's deputy inspector general. It's hard to imagine a better choice. After all, his boss, the inspector general, had been the head of the covert operations division when the manual was written and distributed....

When Ronald Reagan vetoed a bill authorizing higher spending for public broadcasting, Bruce Christensen, the president of the Public Broadcasting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Service, charged, according to a report in *The Washington Post*, that "the veto discriminates against the poor, children, and the elderly." I often imagine the poor huddled around their sets watching "Wall Street Week."...

The General Accounting Office is charged with the responsibility of appraising the efficiency of other government agencies. Does this explain why it uses United Parcel Service?...

Our Least Astounding Headline of the Year Award goes to *The New York Times* for this one, which stretched across three columns on October 28: "Study Says Income in Inner Cities Trails Suburbs."...

Under a Transit Authority regulation, New York City's subway cars that experience three switch-box failures in two months are supposed to be taken out of service. Car 9000 had nine such failures. It was not taken out of service. On October 12 it burst into flames at the Borough Hall station in Brooklyn. The fire burned out of control until the floor of the car melted. If the fire had occurred a few minutes earlier while the train was in a tunnel under the East River, "There could have been a major tragedy," according to a report by Suzanne Daley of *The New York Times*. Why did this happen? One reason is that the Transit Authority is riddled with I'm-all-right-Jack employees who, if they are not incompetent, simply don't care. When are liberals in New York and elsewhere going to rise up against the outrages inflicted upon them by public employees like these? The people hurt by bad service and unsafe cars are those who liberals have traditionally defended....

The Republican party paid Gerald Ford $200,000 to go around the country campaigning for various Republican candidates this year. Since Ford is a rich man, why does he ask to be paid? Doesn't he believe in his party and its candidates enough to volunteer his services?...

Donald Couture was convicted of murder by a Connecticut jury. The evidence showed that during a robbery he had killed three men by shooting them in the back. The state supreme court said that the evidence against Couture was "overwhelming." Yet it overturned his conviction. Why? Because during the trial the prosecutor had called Couture "a rat," "a murderous fiend," and "a merciless killer."

Here is another case where questionable behavior by a law-enforcement official—in this case very mildly questionable behavior—is used by a court to revoke conviction of a clearly guilty criminal. When guilt is clear, why don't we rebuke or penalize the offending official but keep the criminal in jail where he belongs?

The presidential candidate grabs the microphone and says, "Don't cut me off, I'm paying for this broadcast." One of Ronald Reagan's great moments, right? Inspired, quick thinking. Who says he's just a cardboard movie actor who recites words written by others? Well, you won't believe it, but even that was in a movie! It was a 1948 film called *State of the Union*. The candidate was played by Spencer Tracy. The words were written by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse. They were exactly as quoted above....

After we had spent a billion or so refurbishing the battleship *New Jersey* you would have thought it could shoot straight. But, alas, as we found out in Lebanon, it could not. The ship might have been like new but the Navy had forgotten the ammunition. So the *New Jersey* was firing shells that were all more than 30 years old....

The headline in *The Washington Post* read, "CPAC Says to Throw Out Old Cribs, Hand-Me-Down Nursery Equipment Called Dangerous." Did the story run on the front page? Yes. On the front page of the Business section, that is—just where the average parent would be sure to see it because of his keen interest in the adjoining stories—"Holiday Inn, Comsat Plan Satellite Deal" and "Regan Outlines Study On Banking Reform."

This is the second time recently that I've seen a consumer safety story placed in the *Post*'s Business section. One wonders how the editors go about making these inspired decisions....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A friend writes with this story:

On Saturday, my wife and I were sitting against the railing of the south fence at the White House waiting to take the fall tour of the gardens and grounds. Sitting next to us were two male juniors from Haverford College, outside Philadelphia.

They were here in Washington to solicit congressional internships for next summer, ostensibly a fine goal for a summer's work. Get a firsthand look at a democratic government and pick up the slack on unfinished business.

But the real reason, I learned, was not so altruistic. "All I've heard is internships are great," said the tall one with the Cartier tank watch. "Congress is on vacation for a good part of the summer, and interns get to open all the mail from the lobbyists. You make the replies and get first cracks at the great cocktail parties—you get to go to all of them."

"Oh yeah?" said the other, suddenly very interested. He had been complaining that he thought the trip was a waste of time.

"That's where you make the connections for the job afterwards. That's how my brother got his and look at him now, he's cruising," replied Cartier. . . .

Now that the train gets you from midtown Washington to midtown Manhattan in three hours, why do so many businessmen still make the trip by air—even though the flight, transportation to and from airports, and frequent takeoff and landing delays usually consume more than three hours? The answer must be that flying reeks of important men on urgent missions while the train suggests the unhurried life of people who are not really busy. . . .

Twenty percent of the District of Columbia's public school students are absent each day. What solution do the administrators propose? Hire "attendance counselors."

Why do people marry? I don't know why they do these days, but for the women of my generation, it often seemed that they married to realize the unfulfilled ambitions of their parents. Thus if Mom and Dad were self-made millionaires, their devoted daughter would find a husband who would give her family the social standing money had not bought. My favorite example of the marriage that helped Daddy is Julie Nixon's. It is well-documented that Dwight Eisenhower's regard for Nixon was not excessive during his presidency or in the years immediately following it. At that time Ike leaned toward the Scranton-Lodge wing of the Republican party and seemed to share Herblock's view of Nixon as a faintly sinister fellow with too much five o'clock shadow.

Julie's widely publicized romance with David Eisenhower, the apple of his grandfather's eye, made Ike's 1968 endorsement of Nixon seem heartfelt instead of pro forma. For that year, at least, it removed the five o'clock shadow.

The 1968 election fascinates me, because I think it was decided by two factors that were totally unrecognized at the time. One was Julie

YOU CAN HELP

Sometimes it's easy to forget how much **The Washington Monthly** depends on its readers. Our Memos of the Month come almost entirely from you. Clippings from local papers mailed to us inspire many of the items in Tidbits and Outrages and Tilting at Windmills. Readers also help us in countless other ways, calling with tips for stories, giving their friends subscriptions, or just making sure we're on the shelves of their local newsstands, bookstores, and libraries.

This is to thank those of you who've given us assistance—and to urge even more of you to join in. We really do need your help. If you send us a story idea, a Tidbit, an Outrage, or a Memo, you can count on us to protect your identity if you do not want it disclosed.

If you happen to live in the Washington area you may be able to volunteer here at the office to help us with typing, envelope stuffing, proofreading, typesetting, paste-up, or circulation work. Just drop us a note telling us the kind of work you're interested in, your experience, and the days and hours you're available each week. Send it to:

The Washington Monthly
1711 Connecticut Ave. NW
Washington, D.C. 20009

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and David's clean-up of Dad's act. The other, which has since become known, at least to a few people, was Anna Chennault's successful efforts to get Thieu to torpedo the Paris peace talks, which arrested the growing momentum toward Humphrey the weekend before the election....

How many cowards are there in the House of Representatives? Exactly 355. That's how many members voted against permitting doctors to prescribe heroin to relieve the otherwise unbearable pain of terminally ill cancer patients. There is no reason for such a vote other than that an opponent might use it against you....

What happens to organizations once they've accomplished their original purpose? I need hardly ask readers of this magazine, who of course know that the organization doesn't fold, it finds a new purpose. The latest example, called to my attention by Phillip Weiss, is the Infant Formula Action Coalition. It won its battle against Nestle's marketing of a baby formula in the third world that caused severe health problems for infants. "You'd think the group would hold a party and disband," writes Weiss. "But INFACT has dedicated itself to a whole new cause: the peace movement. The group will focus on corporate responsibility for the arms race." A laudable cause, yet one can't help suspecting that a motivating factor in many of these cases, if not this one, is an existing list of contributors, which is hard to abandon when there are officials of the group who want to preserve the salaries to which they have become accustomed....

Why is it that so many of us in the middle and upper classes can become so enraged at the slightest abuse of the public treasury by a welfare mother, yet not be embarrassed at all by the Social Security payments our own mothers receive that they don't need? In fact most of our mothers have long since used up their contribution to Social Security plus interest and are now living off other taxpayers just as much as the welfare mother is, with a lot less moral right than she usually has.

It is also true that welfare mothers do not get the tax-subsidized vacations that the middle and upper classes are becoming accustomed to view as their right. These are the vacations associated with conferences and conventions that often involve tax deductions larger than the amount many welfare mothers receive....

Articles that bring together fact, feeling, and analysis will, we predict elsewhere in this issue (see page 12), be the wave of the future in journalism. But there are still times when we want just the facts and not a lot of color and commentary. One of them was election night. It used to be that, on these occasions, the networks would run down the totals in the House, Senate, and gubernatorial races every half hour. This year these races came perilously close to being ignored as the networks interviewed one pundit after another on the meaning of it all. The irony was that except for the presidential returns they hadn't told us what "it all" was. This shortage of information was especially severe on the House and gubernatorial races. You may have noticed that Dan Rather kept saying, "What's really important is what's happening with those House seats." Then he would turn to another commentator who would repeat the observation but not give us the actual returns....

The FBI reports that serious crime is decreasing, falling by 3.3 percent in 1982 and 6.7 percent in 1983. Reagan was quick to take credit for this development. I suspect the major factor has been the decline in the population of males aged 18 to 25, the group that has the greatest tendency to get into trouble. But there has also been a change in attitude. People are less tolerant of crime, less willing to take the criminal's side against society's. Reagan has been part of that movement. So have we.

While neoliberalism as a movement of people who so identify themselves is tiny indeed, many of the ideas associated with it have flourished in recent years. Attitudes toward crime—when I started this magazine I could not find one liberal journalist who would take a tough stand—are but one example. National defense is another. The James Fallows/Gary Hart approach is now dominant among thoughtful Democrats. Respect for the entrepreneur has grown enormously since the early days of *The Washington Monthly*, when it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was another subject I couldn't get liberal journalists to write about. Similarly, when we started our "Culture of Bureaucracy" section in 1969, most people thought we must be writing about Mozart at Constitution Hall. Now the anthropological view of organizations we were trying to encourage has become common and, with it, much greater insight into the problems of our corporate and government bureaucracies. Finally the neoliberal indictment of Fritz Mondale as the candidate of the liberal special interests became the accepted view of what was wrong with him. So while your mother may never have heard of us, she's probably saying some of the very same things we are. . . .

The secret of success in a presidential debate seems to be avoiding a lie so obvious that even the television commentators will recognize it quickly enough to include it in their post-debate analyses. If the truth takes research, it's going to be buried in the back columns of the newspapers and magazines.

Two examples: First, Reagan's statement that there were only a dozen copies of the CIA's Nicaragua assassination manual. The fact is there were 2,000. Second, there was the president's assertion that the alternative to Marcos in the Philippines "is a large communist movement." The truth is that the great majority of the Marcos opposition is noncommunist. . . .

I am grateful to James Fallows and Nicholas Lemann for helping Timothy Noah and Jonathan Rowe put out the November edition of *The Monthly* while I was on vacation. The issue is a gem. The only flaw I can find is an unanswered letter-to-the-editor from Eugene Balof that says the air strikes against the *Bismarck* in 1941 were "ineffective." It is true that surface ships sank the *Bismarck*. But they did so only after air attacks had left it circling helplessly, unable to return to safe harbor. It was "seaborne aircraft," writes Winston Churchill, "who struck the decisive blows." . . .

In Florida, the doctors and the trial lawyers, two groups that richly deserve each other, are locked in combat over a proposed state constitutional amendment that would limit recovery in personal injury cases to $100,000. This should be a battle worth watching, since both sides have firmly established their ability to rise above ordinary moral standards in their pursuit of the two-Mercedes garage. . . .

My fears that liberated women imitate the worst absurdities of the male are sadly reinforced by this recent headline for *The New York Times*: "Lung Cancer Rising as Killer of Women, U.S. Agency Says." . . .

A thought about neoliberalism that's been lurking in my mind for years has finally surfaced: It is this: If one great strain in the American character is idealism, the other is, "I don't want to be a sucker." This is why we support a draft. You think you should do your part but you're damned if you want to be the only one on your block who is out in that foxhole while the rest of the guys are back home getting laid and driving around in cars. Under the draft you serve and so does that jerk across the street. In fact, now that you're serving together, you may find that he's not a jerk at all.

Paul Tsongas attained neoliberal sainthood when he recognized the sucker problem at the time of the Chrysler bailout. He understood the auto workers' fear that management would profit from labor sacrifice and said we'll give you stock so that if your sacrifice makes money you get some of it. You won't be a sucker.

Tsongas, despite his illness, continues to function in ways that I must say I admire very much.

By quietly working as an intermediary between the Salvadoran army and its guerrilla opponents, he helped create, according to *The Washington Post*'s Robert McCartney, "a climate that allowed President Jose Napoleon Duarte to offer the peace initiative that led to the face-to-face meeting between Duarte and guerrilla leaders."

He has also been trying to help restore American competitiveness by lowering the cost of capital, which is now three times as much for our firms as it is for their Japanese competitors. One of his suggestions: "Our current tax policy discourages savings by taxing individuals on the interest they earn and giving them deductions on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interest they pay. We could eliminate the tax deduction for interest paid on consumer debt and use the increased tax revenue to reduce the tax rate on interest earned."

On another front, Tsongas is fighting the ideology lectures being given Peace Corps volunteers by the Reagan administration.

This may seem an arcane matter, but those of us who have been associated with the Peace Corps know that it repeats a serious error it made in its early years. Half of the first volunteers' training consisted of courses in American studies, world affairs, and communism. We were training junior diplomats. But when our volunteers reached the villages of the third world, they found no one wanted to talk about these things. What they wanted was a volunteer who had the skill to help them, who could speak their language, and understand their customs. If he was that kind of volunteer—and that's what we quickly learned he should be trained to be—he could make far more friends for himself and his country than he would by propagandizing. . . .

That there just might be something wrong with the Internal Revenue Code is suggested by the fact that for the years 1981-83, the St. Regis Corporation got $121 million in tax refunds while it was making $124 million in profits. . . .

What I like about lotteries is that, like the wealth success confers on professional athletes and entertainers, they break the established pattern of who can be rich and bring badly needed new blood into our upper classes. What I don't like about them is captured in a television commercial sponsored by the Washington, D.C., lottery in which a woman looks into the camera and cajolingly confides, "The more you play, the higher the jackpot goes."...

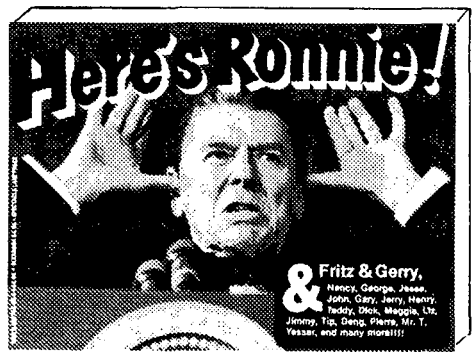
Walter Shapiro's article on the impossibility of living a modest, middle-class life in modern Manhattan (see page 44) reminds me how easy that life was to lead when I arrived there in January 1946 to enter Columbia. The subway and the bus cost 5 cents, as did a glass of beer.

That summer they rose to 10 cents, amidst anguished complaints about runaway inflation. The fourth beer was still "bounced"—meaning it was free—at the Irish bars I frequented along Amsterdam Avenue. Balcony tickets to concerts, the theater, the ballet, the opera, could be had for $1.20 or $1.80. Dinner was obtainable at good, if modest, Italian and French restaurants like Barbetta's and the Brittany for $2 or $3. With dedicated hunting—this usually meant

(continued on page 60)

HIGH LEVEL HILARITY!

The unmaking of history in off-the-wall photos and boffo balloons!



At bookstores; or send coupon to order today!

To Spectacle Lane Press, Box 34, Georgetown, CT 06829

Please send me:
_____ copies of "Here's Ronnie!" at $3.95 each.
(Add $1.00 postage and handling charge for each book.)

I am enclosing a _____ check or _____ money order for $_____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What David Learn from (and V

by Timothy Noah

One of the more encouraging developments in journalism during the 1960s and 1970s was a movement away from the dry and one-dimensional newspaper story towards a variety of forms that conveyed to the readers more of the depth and texture of people and events. A major part of this movement was the transformation of what had been known as the "society section" or the "women's pages" into something at once less definable but potentially more significant—not just for those pages themselves, but for the way newspapers portray the "news" in general.

The names of these new sections—"Style," "Tempo," "View," "Living," "The Way We Live"—suggested that the editors were vaguely aware they were missing something in their news and feature stories, and the women's pages were the forums in which they were going to capture it. The staples of these women's pages—topics like home furnishings, cooking, weddings, and engagements, and the doings of the rich and powerful—continued to receive attention in the new sections. But there appeared as well a new kind of feature story that was rich in observation and human detail, and that at the same time conveyed some sense of the significance (or lack of same) of the individual or event in question.

The women's page was born sometime in 1890s and died sometime in the 1970s, at least in the major metropolitan dailies. Its rise coincided with that of the department stores, whose advertising increased the need for features aimed at women, especially those related to home improvement. (To this day, style sections, which I will call them for want of a better term, remain heavily committed to the agenda of their advertisers. Many newspapers have gone so far as to create whole sections to suit their needs—*The New York Times*'s "Home" section and its periodic travel and fashion supplements are examples.) A certain degree of standardization came about after 1900 with the rise of feature syndicates, which provided columns on such subjects as cooking, clothing, and advice to the lovelorn. These articles mingled with stories of a more local bent—marriages, parties, and the ubiquitous profiles of spouses of prominent men, to name a few perennials.

A 1938 journalism textbook by Curtis D. MacDougall of Northwestern University captured the tone of the society page by describing the essential elements of a party story: names of participants, decorations ("color scheme, its significance and how it was carried out"), refreshments ("always learn who poured and who served"), and, of course, the occasion. Unflattering details of the story were simply left out, and any adjectives used were uniformly favorable.

In the era of the society page, recalls Charlotte Curtis of *The New York Times*, "all weddings were beautiful, all parties were perfect" in the eyes of their chroniclers. Readers with the wit to read between the lines might discern suggestive insights on what, in editors' eyes, comprised the "real" news. Party reporter Betty Beale recalls how the Eisenhowers rarely invited the Nixons to White House functions, signaling to hawk-eyed readers what the pundits didn't realize until later—that Eisenhower was ambivalent about keeping Nixon on the ticket in 1956. Society reporters like Beale failed, however, to make such connections for their readers. The major obstacle

Timothy Noah is an editor of The Washington Monthly. *Research assistance for this article was provided by Jim Lynn.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roder Could
Sally Quinn

Versa)

was, simply, convention; there were things one just didn't write about. In a 1964 article on society reporting in Washington, written on the eve of the style revolution for *The Reporter*, Meg Greenfield quoted one society reporter as asking her, "What do they *want* us to do? Do they want us to say that most diplomatic receptions are crowded and awful and that no one knows anyone else? Do they want us to say that guests at state dinners wrangle over the matches for souvenirs?"

With the rise of the new style sections over the next few years, editors and readers seemed to be saying yes, they did want reporters looking at such events with their minds and senses alert. They did want to know the gossipy—if unflattering—details; even more, they wanted to know what such events might suggest about the culture of which they were part.

The most prominent practitioners of this new form were Charlotte Curtis of *The New York Times* and Sally Quinn of *The Washington Post*. Starting in the mid-sixties, Curtis wrote stories about the rich that made a great impact with their quietly ironic edge. Though they kept within the parameters of objective reporting as rigidly defined by the *Times*, Curtis's stories managed, largely through keen selection of revealing detail, to shed light on some of the less attractive attributes of her subjects; for example, when she profiled Acapulco's leisure set, she lightly mentioned that Warren Avis, the rent-a-car magnate, designed his cliffside house so that "you'd never see the servants," and after Truman Capote's famous 1965 masked ball for Katharine Graham, she reported that Mrs. Loel Guinness, an international banker's wife, found her ruby and diamond necklaces "so heavy, she said, that she thought she'd have to stay in bed all day to recover."

This method was carried a bit further in the *Post*'s "Style" section, inaugurated in January 1969, by its well-known reporter Sally Quinn. Quinn made a splash that year when she got Henry Kissinger to describe himself as a "secret swinger" at a party, and soon followed it up with controversial interviews with the wife of the British ambassador ("Saving face means more to Asians than life") and George Wallace's rambunctious mother-in-law ("Shoooooot, honey, he ain't even titty high"). From these, Quinn moved on to more ambitious stories about life, in Washington and elsewhere, with a particular focus on the art of social climbing. Soon, newspapers around the country were imitating her and imitating the *Post*'s "Style" section as well.

Perhaps the quintessential "Style" piece was a profile that Sally Quinn wrote in 1974 of Steve Martindale, a 30-year-old lobbyist at Hill and Knowlton, the public relations firm, who was getting ahead in Washington by throwing parties for prominent people that he barely knew. Quinn painted a portrait of a young hustler from Pocatello, Idaho, who was willing to pay $150 to attend a fundraiser for a Democratic representative at the Harrimans' even though he was an active Republican, and who could often be seen at mass at Holy Trinity Church in Georgetown, "otherwise known as the 'Kennedy Church' or the 'celebrity church,' " even though he was a Mormon. "To some," wrote Quinn, "he has emerged as the leading host in town. To others he is, well, a social climber."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In tracking down the prominent Washingtonians Martindale counted among his "friends," Quinn found that a number of them either ridiculed him behind his back or didn't want to talk to him at all. Among the latter was Joan Braden, a Washington socialite whom Martindale had described as one of his two best friends. "He once had a birthday party for me," Braden told Quinn, "and to tell you the truth, I almost didn't even go. I don't go to his parties anymore. I haven't been for a year and a half. To tell you the truth, I'm not very interested and I don't know much about him."

The Martindale story was rooted, in part, in the familiar society-reporting form. But it went past that form in at least two ways. For one, it was a painfully precise portrait of the party-thrower as a social type—the sort of person who is determined to get ahead in Washington. Society reporting had in the past tended to overlook *why* people throw parties in the first place; by chronicling Martindale's upward maneuvering with painstaking care, Quinn raised that question in a highly suggestive manner.

The second way to read Quinn's profile was as a story about Washington's party *goers*. That so many important people were willing regularly to attend parties thrown by someone they barely knew and—it was strongly hinted—didn't particularly respect, showed the nation's capital as a place where people got together not to be among friends but to engage in the cultural rituals of "making contacts" and being seen as someone of importance and hence—by extension—clout.

Illustration of Charlotte Curtis by Vint Lawrence

Golly, Cholly

By 1972, the transformation of the women's pages to the new style sections was far enough along to be officially certified by *Time* magazine in a profile that year headlined, "Flight from Fluff." The piece noted approvingly that Curtis, who had become the *Times*'s "family, food, fashions, furnishings" editor in 1965, was producing a page that was "well worth reading—for men as well as women" because of its coverage of such subjects as the changing status of Arab women in Israel and a retired madam who claimed to have been in the business of saving marriages.

Indeed, the growing women's movement (of which the shift to the style sections was something of a forerunner) now saw the old conventions of the women's page as deeply insulting. A 1972 article in *Ms.* praised the new approach being taken by the *Times* and the *Post* and denounced the oldstyle women's page, which "is somehow seen as the proper repository for. . . the horoscope, puzzles, bridge, pet columns, etiquette, 'high society,' and the likes of Ann Landers" as hopelessly out of step with feminism.

These new style sections were very much a part of the era, but they had a journalistic lineage as well. The direct antecedent was the work of writers like Tom Wolfe and Gay Talese in such magazines as *Esquire* and the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Sunday supplement—work that came to full flower in *New York* magazine, which editor Clay Felker founded in 1968 after the *Herald Tribune* folded. The New Journalism, as this reporting was called, drew heavily in turn from two journalistic forms: the feature story and the Broadway gossip column.

Feature stories traditionally provided human details on the day's news—the scene at the home of the gangster's mother on the evening of his electrocution, for example—or else they simply explored the broad realm of human interest by reporting, say, the 13th birthday party of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dionne quintuplets. Such features tended to be boxed in by prevailing journalistic conventions; a profile of the new secretary of commerce might contain, in the first three paragraphs, that individual's age, hobbies, marital status, and offspring, and then go on to recite his achievements and the comments of his former teachers and associates. The reporter generally never gave much insight into what made the new secretary tick. Still, the feature illuminated the day's news with human detail, in a way that the straight news stories generally did not.

The second form that influenced the new reporting was that of the New York gossip column, which developed as part of Manhattan's "cafe society"—the movie stars, debutantes, and prizefighters who were elevated to celebrity status in the teens and twenties by the fledgling mass media. Cafe society was chronicled first in *Vanity Fair* (founded in 1914 and edited by Ben Bradlee's uncle, Frank Crowninshield) and then, with some help from the budding ranks of press agents, in gossip columns like Cholly Knickerbocker's in the *Journal American* and, most important of all, Walter Winchell's in the *Daily Mirror.*

Winchell violated his subjects' privacy in ways that had not been done before. He divulged pregnancies, for example, before the official birth announcements and pending nuptials before the engagement was announced. While such violations appear almost quaint by today's standards (as do Winchellisms like "debutrash" for "debutante" and "Chicagorilla" for "gangster"), they were ground-breaking then, and opened the way for writers to report what they knew in broader realms as well.

Winchell and his cohorts in Broadway gossip had another effect. Through them, celebrity worship became an essential part of our culture; and when the style sections developed they would—unfortunately—travel largely down this path.

There was another strain from which the new style sections drew—the personality profile as practiced by Lillian Ross of *The New Yorker* in the late forties and fifties. Before Ross, *The New Yorker* profile—indeed personality profiles generally—had followed a fairly set format: an interview with the subject, augmented by library research and interviews with associates and friends. Ross added a new element—an account of what she observed while she was conducting her interview. Here, for example, is Dore Schary,

Illustration of Sally Quinn by Vint Lawrence

the high-minded vice president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, talking about the movie business over lunch at a Beverly Hills restaurant:

"He spoke earnestly, as though trying to convey a tremendous seriousness of purpose about his work in motion pictures. 'A motion picture is a success or a failure at its very inception,' he told me. 'There was resistance, great resistance, to making *The Red Badge of Courage*. In terms of cost and in other terms. This picture has no women. This picture has no love story. This picture has no single incident. . . .' Schary apparently enjoyed hearing himself talk. He was obviously in no hurry to make his point. 'These are the elements that are considered important in determining success or failure at the box office,' he said, and paused, as if he felt slightly bewildered by the point he was trying to make."

Ross was telling us not only what Schary said but what she saw as he was saying it. This opened another door for reporters, making it possible for them to recount the telling detail that might explain or even undercut what the interviewee was saying.

It was *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who, as much as anyone, brought this melange of the new and old journalism together. Bradlee said he wanted to bring to the coverage of the elite a more "sociological purpose"; parties would still be covered, "but not as social events as much as expressions of this culture at this time in history." ("We had become convinced," he said later, "that traditional women's news bored the ass off all of us. One more picture of Mrs. Dean Rusk attending the national day of some embassy... and we'd all cut our throats.") Bradlee had also wanted more—"good writing, freer writing," he told me—and undeniably he got it.

His writers included, in addition to Quinn, people like Judy Bachrach, Nicholas von Hoffman, Judith Martin, Henry Allen, Myra McPherson, and Henry Mitchell. They liked writing for "Style," von Hoffman explained, because it was "the part of the paper that isn't tied to inherited ideas of what an event is." The section was characterized by an engaging irreverence toward Washington notables. Von Hoffman even on one occasion took his own publisher to task for her role in a 1975 pressman's strike.

The Washington Post STYLE The Arts / Television / Classified C1

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1979

The Politics of the Power Grab: Nine Rules of Notoriety

Brzezinski: Seeking the Limelight in the Shadow of State

INSIDE STYLE

Style Plus: Repairing your car yourself, C5.

Country records spin off macho, drama, C6.

'She Loves Me' from Britain to PBS, C11.

Swing up the 'Evening' at Playwrights', C12.

Book Critics Circle selects nominees, C12.

Snap! Art!

Instant Old Masters In Polaroid Show

By Tom Zito

Movies

'Kramer vs. Kramer': The Family Divided

Dustin Hoffman and Pathos Triumphant

At *The New York Times* Charlotte Curtis was showing a similar willingness to be unflattering. In 1973, for example, she recounted the travail of Charles Revson, who, "what with the fuel shortage... honestly doesn't know what to do about Ultima II, his luxurious 250-foot, 1,200-ton yacht," and told of a number of other rich people who were actually looking forward to the oil crisis ("Lowering the thermostat is good for the sinus and fine furniture," said one). In recognition of such efforts, Curtis was named editor of the paper's op-ed page. Perhaps more significantly, she was given the title of associate editor, which made her the first woman in history to make it onto the *Times* masthead.

Return of the Kid Gloves

Partly because of the new conservative mood in the country, style writing seems to have taken a few steps back toward the women's page approach in recent years. The tone is just slightly, but unmistakably, more respectful, at both the *Times* and the *Post*. An example is an interview with Ronald Reagan by Donnie Radcliffe that appeared in the *Post* last summer during the Republican convention. "There Aren't Any Secrets Between Us" was the headline, and the article that followed resembled nothing so much as the Republican convention's own tribute to the first lady. (Among other things, it included Reagan's umpteenth affectionate recounting of how, whenever Reagan was attacked by the press as governor in California, Nancy would hold an imaginary press conference to defend him while taking a bubble bath.) To be sure, an interview with the president is always something of a coup, but the adulatory tone and the large accompanying photograph of the president and first lady looking deeply and lovingly into one another's eyes were a bit much.

Another example was a profile of Danielle Mitterrand, wife of the French president, by a Washington socialite and freelance writer named Ina Ginsburg. The article, which went on at tedious length—15 paragraphs—about the interior decoration of the Elysee Palace and the Mitterrands' private residence on the Left Bank, was what was once known around the "Style" desk as a "spouse of" piece. This sort of piece had been common in the kid-glove days but writers at "Style" in the early seventies had been told never to write "unless he or she has done something extraordinary or unless he or she is feeling a little put out," according to Judy Bachrach, a particularly caustic "Style" writer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from that era.

Something similar is happening at *The New York Times*, where Charlotte Curtis has left the op-ed page to write a weekly column, but this time in a circumspect manner more befitting the dignity of an associate editor. Here is Curtis on Gerald Ford: "President Ford is still the easygoing Middle Westerner, the Michigan boy who made good, and he goes around this polite, little mountain village in sports shirt, slacks, and a sweater, perpetually prepared for a good game of golf." On Joseph Alsop: "Joseph Alsop is Washington's ultimate connoisseur, an expert of such dimensions on so many subjects that the world usually has to track him to his lair." To be fair, Curtis has also written columns on subjects like the effect of the recession in West Virginia, but there is no mistaking a half step back towards the tone of the old society pages.

One reason for this tenderness for the establishment is that newspaper reporters, at least at trend-setting newspapers like the *Times* and the *Post*, are now comfortably ensconsed in the upper reaches of the social hierarchy. This was not the case until quite recently, but by 1975 "Style" found itself trumpeting the rising status of reporters in an article on the making of the movie, *All the President's Men*: "For some, it's a battle of glamor," Sally Quinn was quoted in the article as saying, "and the movie people have found out they're losing." The piece described Quinn as "frankly glamorous herself." Seen in this light, Quinn's profile of Steve Martindale can be read as a critique of an amateur by a pro. "In one sense I have become the people I write about," says Quinn, who left "Style" in 1980 to have a baby and work on a novel. To some degree, the same might be said of the profession as a whole.

Counting Milligrams

Before we pine too long over the good old days of style reporting, however, we need to remember that this reporting, good as it could be in the seventies, still had some distance to go. One shortcoming was the frequent lack of a controlling idea connecting concrete observation to larger themes. In this respect, writers like Quinn and Curtis had not moved past Ross.

An example was the coverage of perhaps the most famous party of the late sixties and early seventies, the one that Leonard Bernstein gave for the Black Panthers on New York's Upper East Side. Curtis's piece on the Bernstein party was amusing. But Wolfe went further, casting his unflattering observations into a unifying theme, which the title of his essay—"Radical Chic"—captured so aptly that it became a cliche for the elegant posturing which Wolfe so vividly described.

For all Wolfe's occasional glibness and verbal excess, he is at least willing to offer an interpretation of what he is reporting. A writer who does so, of course, can be called wrong. Curtis, Quinn, and other style reporters rarely took this risk.

A second shortcoming of the typical style reporting has been a failure to empathize with its subjects. Unfortunately, skewering set the tone early on, and style pieces displayed a much stronger urge to debunk and defrock than to get inside their subject's world and begin to *understand* why they act the way they do. To be sure, Quinn's piece on Martindale was revealing, as was her profile of Carter's National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, which showed him to to be embarrassingly flirtatious and vain. Through Martindale, we saw the world of influence-hustling in Washington, while through Brzezinski we gained insight into the conflicts between the State Department and the National Security Council that were raging at the time. But Quinn did not go that extra mile, beyond exposure to a genuine attempt to *understand* why such individuals behave as they do. This was what David Halberstam attempted in *The Best and the Brightest*; through Halberstam's book you can begin to understand how well-intentioned and brilliant men could deem honorable a war that seemed an atrocity to so many others. Tom Wolfe achieved a kindred empathy in *The Right Stuff*, in which the astronauts, who had hitherto been among the great cardboard figures of American journalism, became living, breathing characters, with a complex mixture of virtue and vices. In recent years, as "Style" reporting has become less enamored of bitchy detail, it has nevertheless rarely managed to convey empathy the way Wolfe and Halberstam could; even very sympathetic stories like Radcliffe's Reagan interview tend to fail in helping us understand human motivation, and remind us that sympathy and empathy are not the same thing.

One article that did take at least a step in the Halberstam-Wolfe direction was Paul Hendrickson's three-part profile of Robert McNamara, which appeared in the *Post* last May. Hendrickson's account was full of human detail that shed light on McNamara's tenure as secretary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of defense during the Vietnam war and as head of the World Bank, from which he recently retired.

Take, for example, McNamara's tragic obsession with numbers. During the Vietnam war, he focused upon the "body count" and other quantitative measures at the expense of firsthand observations and judgments that might have served as better guides. Almost 20 years later, McNamara was still quantifying. Speaking of his wife's painful ordeal with cancer (she died in 1981), McNamara said, "Jesus Christ, she was in pain. I think she was on 200 milligrams of Demerol a day. I forget if that's right. I used to know."

Then there was McNamara's insulation from subordinates who might have told him what the numbers didn't. If any lower-level employees at the World Bank had been inclined to inform the boss that the bank was helping to bring about a debt crisis in the third world during the seventies, they weren't going to pass that word in the cafeteria; McNamara, Hendrickson pointed out, always took his meals in his private dining room on the 12th floor.

Hendrickson skillfully evoked these traits, which during the Vietnam war took on tragic proportions. But fine as the piece was, it came up short on the "why" side; it did not draw together the threads between McNamara's background and character and policies, as Halberstam began to do in *The Best and the Brightest*. How, for example, could a man of such apparent experience in the world retain his naive faith in the institutions that produced the numbers for him? In a deposition in General William Westmoreland's libel suit against CBS, McNamara had asserted that "no responsible military officer would ever hold information from a superior that conceivably could bear on the superior's rightful decision-making power." When told that military intelligence officers had sworn that they had engaged in wrongful or intellectually dishonest practices, McNamara expressed disbelief, saying, "That is not the nature of a government—when people understand that a wrong is being done, somebody talks about it." What had this man learned all those years in business and government? It was fertile ground for inquiry. Hendrickson, good as his piece was, didn't pursue the question.

If style writers still have a way to go in bringing reflection to bear upon their fact gathering and observation, their editors have further to go in their choice of subjects for the page. At present these pages continue to dwell on profiles of celebrities or stories about parties they attend.

There's nothing wrong, of course, with interviewing Mikhail Baryshnikov or Lauren Bacall when they come to town; many readers want their glimpses of the stars. But fame is a poor guide to what is important or even to what is interesting. Unknowns do exciting things every day. The lives of ordinary people can be fascinating, as Dickens and Twain have shown. So, instead of just talking to the diva, for example, how about talking to the men who haul her equipment around and handle the mike? In addition to a McNamara, how about the individuals who actually put his revered numbers together? After all, they were the ones who knew what was going on. It was not a captain of finance, but S.C. Gwynne, a former loan officer for a medium-size Midwestern bank, who recounted in *Harper's* how his bank, awash with cash, was literally throwing money at third world borrowers, with predictably unfortunate results. Profiled in style sections, individuals like Gwynne could shed light on other fields, such as science, medicine, the law.

One of the best Style pieces of recent years—Henry Allen's profile of the daredevil world of bicycle messengers in Washington—explored life on the street level with the sort of care that is usually reserved for the McNamaras and Agees. So did William Geist's recent front-page story for *The New York Times* on a Korean grocer who invoked the wrath of Park Avenue residents by daring to sell vegetables on their high-rent thoroughfare. The latter provoked a spate of editorials and a huge public outcry, proving that readers do care about the problems of ordinary people and what those problems tell us about society.

Style writers should also apply their hawk-like eye to developing social trends. During the seventies, for example, taste emerged as more important than it had ever been before as a way of defining social class. Calvin Trillin identified this development in a series of articles in *The New Yorker* on food and restaurant snobbery. Style sections missed it, perhaps because they themselves are victims of it.

Style and Substance

The greatest challenge of all for style writers would be to take on more conventional "news"—the congressional hearings, presidential press conferences, and other staples of the front page. Why

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shouldn't subjects that we all recognize as important be looked at from the "style" point of view? Life, after all, is a mixture of the intangible and concrete fact; why shouldn't reporting recognize this by blending the best techniques of the style section and the "substance" section?

To be sure, we wouldn't want all of our news to mix the style approach with the facts. Sometimes we just want to know what the president said yesterday, and don't much care how he looked or felt or thought as he said it. (Did he promise to veto the bill or didn't he?) But much of what we call "news" isn't, really, or at least not in the way the news reporters tell it to us. Consider the scene at a congressional committee when Paul Volcker comes to testify. The representatives may feel they don't have complete mastery over the technical details. Volcker may know he can bore and baffle them. The result: Volcker will drone on for an hour about M-1 targets. The tough questions about interest rates will trail off. Soon no one will be listening—perhaps not even Volcker himself. The committee will be buffaloed. What will the reporter from the *New York Times* write? None of this. Instead, his lead the following morning will be, "Paul Volcker announced before a House committee yesterday that. . . ."

Some appreciation of the intangibles did creep onto the *Post*'s news pages in the late sixties through the reporting of Ward Just, who has since left the profession to write novels. In one 1968 dispatch from Cambridge ("the Cook County of academic politics"), Just described the fevered speculation over who John Kenneth Galbraith (its "Richard Daley") would support in the presidential race; it was rumored that only his barber knew. A more recent practitioner of something like the style approach is Ward Sinclair, whose beat is—of all things—agriculture. In Sinclair's hands, agriculture becomes a metaphor; you read him as much for what he tells you about lobby groups and Congress as for what he tells you about price supports and acreage allocations. But there aren't enough Sinclairs to cover all the news stories that demand this mixture of fact and feeling.

The other side to this coin is that style writers need to acquire more of the fact-gathering skills of the news reporters. Style sections place more of an emphasis on "writing" than on actual reporting, with the consequence that information-gathering techniques can be a bit casual. Too often, an interview will take place in a hotel room or office after the reporter has performed fairly perfunctory research. As a consequence, such stories may tell us all we want to know about that particular hotel room or office—but not very much about the subject that can't be observed within the confines of one or two hours of conversation. Style reporters also must overcome their fear of ideas. In a recent profile of Paul Tsongas for the *Post* "Style" section, for example, Myra McPherson sensitively explored the senator's private anguish over the conflict between family and political duty when he discovered he had a mild form of cancer. But she left the significance of his ideas untouched. If that subject was going to be dealt with in the *Post*, it would most likely appear in a column by David Broder.

At the *Post* they have a word to describe stories that rise above conventionality in one way or another and get talked about around Washington. The word is "spin." No one I spoke with at the *Post*, from the lowliest reporter on up to Ben Bradlee, was willing to give me a very precise definition of "spin"; Bradlee, for example, asked me what *I* thought "spin" was, expressed surprise at my observation that it was a phrase heard frequently in his newsroom, and then told me he understood it to be a pejorative term. It may be that Bradlee is wary of the word because he knows that at least one of the things that gives a story "spin" is a point of view, which newspapers avow never to have—except on the editorial page. Bradlee seems to be a genuinely nonideological person himself, perhaps to a fault. But he is described by others as ambivalent about the virtues of "spin." As Nicholas von Hoffman put it, "It depends on the day and the reaction." On the one hand, Bradlee seems to understand on an instinctive level that "spin" is what gives a story drive and passion; on the other, it can reveal the biases of the reporter.

But to the extent "spin" means point of view, we need more of it, properly labeled of course. Too often news reporters omit facts that are crucial and include those that are unimportant precisely because they lack a point of view that tells them what is relevant. At the same time the opinion writing of the editorial page tends to be inadequately grounded in fact. Too often neither the reporter nor the opinion writer captures the feel of the person or event they are describing. What we need is to bring together the old newspaper categories—a marriage of the Sally Quinns and the David Broders. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Organization Spook

by Peter Grier

By the fall of 1944, Mario Morpurgo had discovered that the life of a secret agent was not all trench coats and smokey-eyed blondes. An operative for the U.S. Office of Strategic Services (OSS), Morpurgo had parachuted into German-occupied southern France on August 11. Upon his arrival he found the local Resistance fighters more concerned with internal politics than with battling the enemy. In quick order his commanding officer was captured, his truck was commandeered by the Gestapo (he was in it at the time), and he was ambushed by his own men. Fortunately for Morpurgo, his men were very poor shots.

Moving south to work with Italian partisans battling Mussolini, the young OSS man lived for weeks on nothing but boiled sheep, and often found himself deserted by his *paisanos* at the first sound of gunfire. "Being of Italian origin it is most painful for me to make this statement," said Morpurgo in his mission report, "but I really was surprised and ashamed of their behavior." One of his most irritating problems, however, had nothing to do with the situation behind enemy lines. Apparently the radio operators at the OSS base in Algiers who received Morpurgo's clandestine communications had the work habits of Commerce Department clerks. "The receiving operators seemed to be rather in a hurry to finish and go home, and several times they cut the broadcast just saying they had to go, without bothering about giving an extra appointment time," complained Morpurgo. "On Sundays it was almost impossible to make contact... they never listened to the emergency calls at one o'clock in the morning."

In films and spy novels, secret services are almost always efficient. The KGB, CIA, and MI6 are shown moving with an institutional agility IBM managers can only envy; secret weapons are ready on time, and never seem to need maintenance; threats are quickly identified and attacked; and the word "budget" never, ever passes anyone's lips. In this respect Bond-type adventure novels differ but marginally from the more "authentic" LeCarre school of espionage fiction. In the former, the hero gets to either ski or wear a tuxedo en route to saving Judeo-Christian civilization; in the latter, western agents are morally troubled, less athletic, and more poorly dressed—but also ultimately successful.

Perhaps because of these portrayals, to many people actual secret services are awesome agencies, capable of accomplishing almost any deed, devious or otherwise, with dispatch. This attitude at times is taken by those who should know better. A friend of mine, a man with extensive State Department experience, believes the CIA knows who is behind El Salvador's death squads. When asked why, he sighs as if the question were utterly naive and says, "Come now. They have to know."

Any old spook can attest that there's no bureaucracy like a secret bureaucracy. Games are routinely played at the CIA and other intelligence agencies that are remarkably similar to the turf-protecting, memo shuffling, budget protection, and other bureaucratic games that go on at the Department of Agriculture. The only difference is that, because the secret agencies have no reason to fear public disapproval, their bureaucracies are often *more* chaotic. This is particularly disturbing when one considers that at secret agencies the stakes are higher; after all, the collection of intelligence is an activity fraught with more danger than the administration of farm price supports.

Playing musical desks

Power struggles over spying, especially between agencies, can be "peculiarly savage," notes Anthony Cave Brown, a biographer of William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, founder of the OSS. I have been reading quite a bit about Donovan and the OSS lately in a cramped room on the 13th floor of the National Archives as I have riffled through box upon box of OSS operational records. These documents, just declassified by the CIA, provide an account of the day-to-day life of a modern spy agency perhaps more detailed than any ever made public by the U.S. government. They describe great bravery and violence—as well as agents entangled by red tape,

Peter Grier is a staff writer in the Washington bureau of the Christian Science Monitor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Games are routinely played at our intelligence agencies that are remarkably similar to the turf protecting and memo shuffling at the Department of Agriculture.

furious battles between U.S. intelligence agencies, and other forms of organizational irrationality.

Consider, for instance, Morpurgo's bete noire—the large OSS installation in Algiers. Established after the Allies captured North Africa from the Vichy French in 1942, OSS/Algiers was one of the most important U.S. intelligence installations in the Mediterranean theater, the support base for operations as far away as southern France. Under the control of Henry Hyde, in civilian life a prominent New York lawyer, its secret intelligence desk was eventually a great success, digging up information that saved thousands of Allied lives. But poor administration and planning made life at the base a daily adventure, according to the OSS's own documents. For one thing, chronic understaffing meant that officers had a hard time finding good help. In one memo, Captain James Lawrence, base adjutant, complained that he had run through three enlisted-man assistants in ten days. The first was hospitalized. The second was carted off by the MPs. "The third has been reasonably satisfactory except that he likes the bottle, smashed up a jeep, and has been sick a good deal," wrote Lawrence.

As adjutant, Lawrence had a tough job. He was in charge of scrounging supplies, and he faced a situation familiar to almost any GS-10: the only things he could have were things he didn't need. While it was almost impossible to find rubber boats for special operations, wrote Lawrence to OSS headquarters in Washington, an inventory memorandum went on for 12 pages listing "special forms."

To help solve the base's chronic administrative problems, senior officers at Algiers often used a standard bureaucrat's ploy: when things aren't going well, play musical desks. Personnel officer Eric Barnes complained in a bitter cable of "the continual reorganization which characterizes most of the history of the Algiers" base. This shuffling, he claimed, "was devastating in its effects on our intelligence-gathering operations." Each change, said Barnes, meant "a new signature was required on certain requisitions." Frequently, new administrators "had to be educated to the meaning of our work and before completing this education would set up new policies which were impossible of realization."

OSS/Algiers was also afflicted with intra-office jealousy. The special operations branch thought counter-intelligence was overly suspicious; counter-intelligence thought research and analysis was a bunch of desk-bound librarians, and so forth. The Secret Intelligence desk was disliked by almost everyone. SI operatives apparently did not consider humility one of the higher virtues. One explained his department's unpopularity this way: "The fact that we were alone, were producing results which the Army finally recognized were of first importance, did not endear us to other branches which were either still in the planning stage or were performing less glamorous functions."

7,692 pouches

I do not wish to imply that life at the OSS resembled a Mel Brooks movie. The agency was created from nothing in mere months while the world was at war. Given these constraints, it is a small miracle that by 1945 the OSS in many respects rivaled the best intelligence agencies in the world. What I am trying to illustrate is the common-sense notion that secret services are bureaucracies, and that it is quite possible that many of today's intelligence blunders (such as the "So You Want To Be A Guerrilla" manual produced by the CIA for the Nicaraguan contras) could simply be examples of bureaucracy at work. Certainly the OSS office in Washington displayed symptoms of the bureaucratic problems that slow the step of many government agencies (or corporations, or universities, for that matter). For example:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beancounting. In this classic maneuver, officials compile long lists of figures in an attempt to create at least the illusion of action and to justify their jobs. The OSS, being a young and tender agency, needed to hold off its many enemies within the U.S. government while it built up operations; as a result, its beancounting was particularly impressive. Memos to headquarters tended to be full of such phrases as "a total of 7,692 pouches and cable reports have been received [from OSS/Spain]... of the last 74 evaluated by the British, 91 percent were of value and use." They would then move on to the number of 1:50,000 scale maps of the Iberian peninsula recently collected.

Proliferation of paperwork. Bureaucracies live to create paperwork. Memoranda, after all, can be ends in themselves, proof that some sort of action (i.e., memo writing) has occurred. As a result, it sometimes seems that government memos multiply like coat hangers: leave two of them on your desk at night, and you will find three there in the morning. Since the collection of information was one of the OSS's primary purposes, the agency undoubtedly produced mounds of paper. One OSS man in Washington justified the situation in this way: "Dear Dick," he wrote to a superior, "I can sympathize with your desire to obtain agreement with a minimum of memorandum writing. Unfortunately, I am handicapped by a certain slowness of wit, which makes it more difficult for me than for others to follow a verbal discussion on an intricate subject, particularly when there is great pressure and when some of the participants speak rapidly and emphatically."

Budget justification. Most bureaucrats consider it a sacred duty to defend their agency against the onslaughts of the forces of budget reduction. One of the most important battles in this annual struggle is the Appropriations Committee hearing, at which the agency chief justifies his or her spending with charts, graphs, and every sort of gimmick short of dancing girls. In this type of forum, the OSS—which could produce real live spies with tales of derring-do—undoubtedly excelled. Late one night, in the back of an old file, I ran across a briefing book prepared for use by Wild Bill Donovan in a 1945 House Appropriations appearance. "Get pictures of committee members so recollections can be pointed at individuals," advises the book. Without a hint of irony it then suggests Donovan's first line be "I'm happy to see familiar faces." The four-hour hearing is scripted down to the minute, with the committee to be entertained first by a map of spy nets in France, then by an agent who will describe one net's exploits, then to a chart tracing arms drops to resistance groups, then to a graph showing the number of enemy operatives converted to double agents, and so on. This was much more gripping stuff than an analysis of the growth of food stamp spending. The book then suggests Donovan end by describing the German underground a victorious U.S. might face—in effect saying, "How can you cut our funds when the worst lies ahead?"

Committees and Meetings. Bureaucracies expend much energy on the formation and maintenance of committees. Committee meetings, like memos, can create the appearance of action, and in addition give officials the opportunity to dash out of their offices wearing harried looks. The OSS had many committees of its own, and was part of numerous inter-agency panels. Some of them had strange duties. The agency featured a "present rumor committee," for instance, whose duties involved dreaming up morale-defeating propaganda to sow behind enemy lines. OSS files also contain a tragic illustration of the truism that meetings can sometimes be counterproductive. In June 1943, high officers of the French Secret Army sneaked into Switzerland for an OSS conference. While there, they were spotted by the Gestapo, who trailed and arrested them when they returned to occupied France.

Hoover's ambush

All these intramural bureaucratic games, however, pale in comparison to the turf wars that raged between the OSS and other U.S. agencies. Control of intelligence brings with it much power to shape policy, and officials from J. Edgar Hoover to Attorney General Francis Biddle felt the OSS was threatening their influence, and so conspired against it. At times these struggles seemed to tax Donovan and other OSS personnel more than the fight against the enemy in the field.

The State Department, for one, viewed the OSS with that intense hostility old money reserves for new. State felt that it was the only agency that ought to report on foreign affairs to the president; in addition, diplomats feared that if U.S. spies were given embassy cover in neutral countries, the whole foreign service could fall into disrepute. Feelings ran particularly high at U.S. posts in the neutral countries of Sweden and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spain, according to a Secret Intelligence branch report. The U.S. envoy in Madrid, Carlton Hayes, was perhaps the OSS's most implacable State Department foe. An intellectual and a man who fancied himself an espionage expert, Hayes made a sport of firing off cables that demeaned OSS agents' talents. He complained about everything from OSS contacts with the Basques, which he felt unwise, to the agency's Madrid financial attache, whom Hayes accused of being "mentally unstable."

This sniping infuriated OSS. Joseph Darlington, chief of OSS intelligence in Madrid, wrote in a nasty 1945 report that the agency's principal problem in Spain was not so much the Axis as "our relationship with the U.S. Embassy... who made no effort to protect our cover, who imposed restraints on our work of both a major and petty nature... and who in the end were instrumental in having us removed from Spain." Darlington claimed that the State Department meddling was inspired by jealousy: "They were resentful that we were not concerned with their office politics," he wrote. "As a group we were far above the regular embassy personnel in intelligence and personality, we had wider acquaintanceships, we talked more Spanish, and were obviously engaged in more interesting work."

Ambassador Hayes, however, was not in J. Edgar Hoover's league when it came to bureaucratic infighting. Hayes wrote memos about OSS agents; Hoover arrested them.

Hoover's antipathy toward Donovan and the OSS apparently had roots in South America. According to presidential directive, the FBI was the main U.S. agency empowered to conduct intelligence operations in the western hemisphere; but Hoover, early in the war, suspected Donovan was poaching on his territory by running agents in Mexico. Donovan hotly denied this. "Feelings ran high on both sides of this issue," concludes an internal OSS paper, "and in the end it was carried to the White House," where Roosevelt ruled the OSS was innocent of untoward turf grabbing.

Hoover bided his time, compiling an extensive dossier on Donovan, which contained little of interest. Then, in October 1942, he got his chance to strike back. An OSS black bag team had been sent to steal cipher information from the Spanish embassy in Washington. At the moment the OSS men fled the embassy, clutching their loot, two FBI cars arrived with great fanfare, and the G-men arrested Wild Bill's boys. Donovan was furious. Eventually, the black bag crew had to discreetly leave the country, as Hoover was pressing for their indictment on robbery charges.

But the OSS's most formidable foe within the U.S. government was probably General George Veazey Strong. An aptly named West Point graduate, Strong was chief of military intelligence. He considered the OSS a bunch of Ivy League dilettantes who threatened his influence; in addition, he and William Donovan loathed each other. At times Donovan refused to attend meetings where Strong would be present for fear he would not be able to restrain his temper. "The personal element also inevitably played a part in the relations between [the OSS] and the armed forces services, and this was not always a happy part," is how one OSS report discreetly puts it. "This was notably true in the case of General Strong."

Strong fought the OSS throughout the war. Perhaps the most critical battles were over "Magic" and "Ultra," Allied code-breaking operations that were rich lodes of strategic information. Donovan wanted to join the select circle of officials who had access to this intelligence; Strong, already a member of the club, wanted to keep Donovan out. Eventually President Roosevelt allowed the OSS to have Magic and Ultra material—but Strong's service was given much power over exactly what intercepts Donovan would see.

When FDR died on April 12, 1945, the OSS lost its most powerful supporter; by summer the agency was staggering about the streets of Washington, easy prey for its enemies. The House Appropriations Committee, unswayed by Donovan's scripted presentation, slashed the OSS budget. Press leaks accused Donovan of harboring communists, being too close to the British, and plotting war with Russia. (The OSS kept a thick file on Drew Pearson, one of its main enemies in the press.)

OSS officers tried the last defense of an embattled government agency: they sought to sway the president to their side. According to one memo written in the fall of 1945, "Several recent editorials have noted that large-scale scientific developments have made a coordinated U.S. intelligence agency more essential than ever before. A memorandum might, therefore, well be prepared for the president or secretary of state or for the War Department, setting forth the wartime work of OSS on this subject." But the end was near. On September 30, 1945, Truman ordered the OSS dissolved. Where the Axis powers had failed, the bureaucratic enemies of the OSS prevailed. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO'S WHO in the Administration

The near-debacle of the first Mondale-Reagan debate did not enhance the president's regard for the aides who prepared him. **David Stockman**—who, ironically, rose to power as the result of his successful coaching of Reagan for the Carter debate—and **Richard Darman** were the guilty parties....

Now that there will be no more elections, look for **Nancy Reagan** to go public with the **Jerry Zipkins** and **Betsy Bloomingdales**. She's been seeing them all along but, to avoid any embarrassment to the president, they've been kept out of camera range by White House press aides....

The appointments to several economic positions will be a key battlefield on which the supply-side true believers will take on the moderates. Supply-siders can take heart in the possibility that **Lew Lehrman** is being considered for the chairmanship of the Council of Economic Advisers. On the other hand, moderates should be pleased that a leading contender for secretary of the treasury is **James Baker**....

On October 9, *The Washington Post* finally caught up to Who's Who on the importance of **Margaret Tutwiler** on the White House staff when it ran a long profile of Tutwiler by Elizabeth Bumiller in its Style section....

In

WHITE HOUSE

Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs—**Ronald Alvarado** has been chief of staff for the chairman of the Sacramento County Board of Supervisors.

HOUSING AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT

Assistant Secretary, Community Planning and Development—**Alfred Clinton Moran** has been regional administrator for HUD in Chicago.

LABOR

Deputy Undersecretary, Intergovernmental Affairs—**Elizabeth A. Doyle** has been executive director of the federal intergovernmental advisory council on education at the Department of Education.

STATE

Ambassador to the Republic of Equatorial Guinea—**Francis S. Ruddy** has been assistant administrator at the Agency for International Development.

A JOB

We soon will have an opening for a reporter-editor. Desirable qualifications include practical experience working in or writing about politics and government. More important are intelligence, humor, and the willingness to work long hours for low pay. Applications should be accompanied by a list of at least three references, and by writing samples, not necessarily published but designed to demonstrate fact-gathering and analytical ability.

The Washington Monthly

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Member, Federal Labor Relations Authority—**William J. McGinnis Jr.** has been president of McGinnis Associates, a management consulting firm.

Out

EDUCATION

Secretary—**T.H. Bell** is resigning to return to his family sod farm in Utah and also take a professorship at the University of Utah.

HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

Assistant Secretary for Health—**Edward M. Brandt** is resigning to become chancellor of the University of Maryland in Baltimore.

JUSTICE

Assistant Attorney General, Office of Legal Counsel—**Theodore Olson** will return to his former firm, Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, as managing partner of the Washington office.

TRANSPORTATION

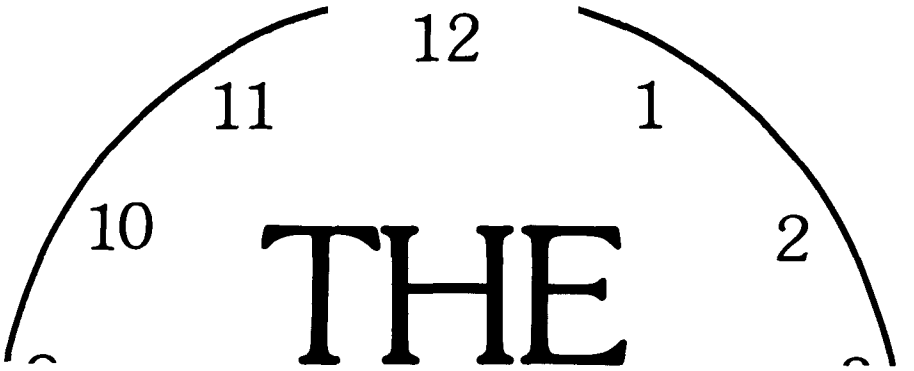
Director, Office of Industry Policy—**Martin Conviser** has resigned to join Rollins Environmental Services in Wilmington, Delaware.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Postmaster General, U.S. Postal Service—**William F. Bolger** is retiring to join the Washington public relations firm of Gray & Company.

U.S. Archivist, National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration—**Robert M. Warner** will return to the University of Michigan as dean of the school of library science.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE PART-TIME SOLUTION

How One Parent is Working Less and Enjoying It More

by Deborah Baldwin

When I was about four years old my mother went back to work. She had been a reporter before marriage, and she was able to land a job with a metropolitan daily near the suburban town where we lived. My brother and I—and later our two siblings—used to make a big deal out of occasionally accompanying her on her daily rounds, which began in front of the local police blotter and ended up in the crowded, gritty newsroom. One of the family's longest running jokes involves the time my younger brother begged to have his bedroom painted a sickly mint-green—"like the police station."

Luckily my mother worked part-time. She might cover school board meetings and the like in the evenings, but she was at home in the afternoons. We'd sit around the kitchen table munching crackers while she cross-examined us about school.

This is exactly the scenario I envisioned for myself long before the contemporary women's movement launched the notion of working mothers. And while I did things a bit differently, delaying childrearing until my thirties, I always assumed that, when the time came, I would arrange my life the way my mother did, except everything for me would be, well, easier.

But in some key ways it hasn't been. Shortly after my daughter was born three years ago my high hopes ran smack into a wall of resistance among countless employers I approached looking for part-time work. A typical response was the one I got when I was interviewed jointly by two radio producers who, as it turned out, had children as well. When I suggested that the full-time job they'd offered me could be split by two mothers—or rather *two parents*—they were dumbfounded.

I got a similar reaction from the director of a congressional research group who said he wanted to hire me full-time but flatly refused to pursue the possibility of a part-time or flexitime arrangement—even one that would allow me to balance short working hours at the beginning of the regular newsletter production with long hours toward the end. Ironically, two months later, I got a call from the director's wife, who introduced

Deborah Baldwin is associate editor of Common Cause Magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

herself by saying that she had an infant at home and badly wanted a part-time job. Her husband, she said, suggested she call me for advice.

It seemed as if the two of us hadn't really come that far since the mid-fifties. Despite the giant social upheaval during the intervening years, we were being told that we had only two options: working full-time or staying at home full-time—take it or leave it. Striking a middle ground, making a compromise between personal and professional demands, appeared to be almost as radical as the notion of working mothers 30 years ago.

Yet virtually every woman I know with young children and a full-time job wishes she could work part-time. One exception is a friend who just has become a partner in a Philadelphia law firm. She turned down a part-time job teaching law, which would have enabled her to spend more time with her 18-month-old, not only because it would mean a big pay cut but because it would mean sacrificing a prestigious, hard-won position at the top of the career ladder.

Not surprisingly, few men, including my friend's husband, also an attorney, are willing to step off the career ladder, even temporarily, in order to give more time to childrearing. I used to hold it against them, but I am beginning to understand that they are anxious with good reason. People who work part-time are commonly viewed as less committed, less driven—somehow "flakier" because they have an identity outside the workplace.

At the same time my lawyer friends are symbolic of how wrapped up people's identities can get in their jobs. And the general reaction of the legal profession toward young people who might want, say, to defer partnership 20 or so years is similarly symbolic of many employers' attitudes. Such attitudes are hardly particular to certain professions or to environments like Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. You're simply more likely to encounter them among young urban professionals, the same ones who strike up dinner-party conversation by quizzing their friends about

People who work part-time are commonly viewed as less committed, less driven—somehow "flakier"—because they have an identity outside the workplace.

work, and who in this way and many others are acculturated to put career goals first.

There's nothing inherently wrong, of course, with working like a dog and making countless sacrifices in order to get ahead. For many it's deeply satisfying. And for the growing number of families experiencing economic strains, there are no options other than both wage earners putting in 40- and 50-hour weeks. But for others there are alternatives. I don't mean installing Mom at home full-time with the kids. This can be a happy experience for some parents—just as some full-time workers have to drag themselves away from the office at 7 p.m. But I've tried it and wouldn't want to do it again. I still wince in memory of those days of isolation, when I would strike up conversations with total strangers in the supermarket or chat on the phone enthusiastically with pollsters.

But even when full-time parenting seemed utterly frustrating, I didn't envy parents who both work full-time—who arrive home bushed and put dinner on the table with toddlers clinging to them for attention. On weekends they face the Tyranny of the Errand—two days during which the family sandwiches housework and grocery shopping and buying shoes for the kids in between nap time and time with friends. For many couples forced to live like this, all the shortcomings of various child-care arrangements—from understaffed day-care centers to third world housekeepers who plop the kids in front of the television—parenting can be a bittersweet business indeed. I'm not saying it can't work; but for many, such tensions add an explosive element

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the task business schools call time management.

And I thought often of Rick and Arlene, a couple who began splitting child-care responsibilities shortly after their son was born four years ago. They now also have a 22-month-old daughter, and both parents work part-time. "We both felt from the beginning that we wanted to share responsibility for child care," Rick said. He added, "I didn't know what to expect, and I really liked it." Their combined incomes from two part-time jobs is small by Washington standards; and while they are fortunate in having landed one of the last low-interest mortgages in D.C., they also live modestly. "Our needs for material goods are low," says Arlene. "We don't have a clothes drier; we drive a ten-year-old car." They have also tacitly put career advancement at least temporarily on hold.

In speaking with people like them, I've come to believe that many young parents—men and women alike—are trying to cram too much into lives that are already stretched thin between jobs and families. It's a problem most parents are grappling with individually, but it is rapidly becoming a problem for society as a whole. Parents who are crazy with overwork and the kind of guilt that springs from inadequate time with the kids aren't equipped to put time and energy into the community, whether it's volunteering for the local environmental group, mounting voter registration drives, or helping out at the local day-care center or at Sunday school.

No one I know wants to revert to the era when community volunteers were almost exclusively women; that system eventually backfired and with good reason. But as countless parents have learned, the current system, in which no one has time to spare for anything, is costly in its own ways. To change it in the long run will require a concerted effort to educate not only individuals but various institutions, ranging from corporate and government employers to unions and professional associations.

If I sound preachy it's at least partly because I at long last managed to land a part-time job and have become so enamored of the arrangement that I plan to hold onto it as long as I can. It isn't perfect. I doubt I'll ever make vice president. More immediately, there are many times when my supervisor is forced to schedule my work assignments around the competing demands of my family, and that puts extra pressure on both her and my coworkers. (Luckily they are all supportive, tolerant people.) Similarly, because I often balance my short weekday hours by putting in time at odd moments on weekends and evenings, my husband has had to develop the characteristics of a one-man SWAT team, able to arrive home after a pressure-cooker day at the office and pick up a crying child and partly processed laundry and dishes where I've left off.

On the other hand, there have been enormous payoffs. I am spending less time in the office and enjoying it more. The important but little-recognized fringe benefits that come from working as a team and tossing ideas around, as well as the sense of accomplishment I often get from working, have greatly improved my outlook on life. Unlike parents who drop out of the work force altogether, I don't have to anticipate the excruciating experience of trying to reenter the world of work after a lengthy absence. While I like to complain about having to rush, rush, rush between office and home, it is actually a terrific combination: After a frustrating four hours at the typewriter, nothing looks better than an hour of housework accompanied by a chatty three-year-old. On days when she and I are locked in the kind of witless, draining battle only a child can provoke, nothing looks better than the sight of my hard-driving boss, whose demands typically pale in comparison.

At the same time, my attitudes toward work have changed: I no longer place an inflated value on what I produce at the office. Being a good mother or even a good friend seems equally important. For the first time I am involved in neighborhood organizations and other activities where the payoffs aren't wrapped up in professional status and salary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By now I can hear the chorus of voices saying part-time employment may be a solution for some *but not for them.* It would mean being out of the office when an important client calls, having less opportunity for upward mobility, and having less influence in the workplace.

All this can be true, and yet it tells only part of the story. It might be unfair to argue that any job can be done part-time; the owner of a small business, for example, probably has to work overtime to maintain control over the operation. On the other hand, many of those who balk at the notion of working part-time remind me of people who think twice about going on vacation because they're afraid coworkers will find out they're not indispensable after all.

Tradition gets in the way, too. Many of us have been brought up to believe that if you're a Truly Important Person, you *must* be on the job around the clock. An architect I spoke with who is staying at home full-time with two young children commented that you can't work part-time in her profession because "clients need to be able to get a hold of you" at any hour of the day. The fact is that even the most committed architect, lawyer, or doctor is often tied up when clients call. I spoke with a self-employed economics consultant, for example, who takes care of his four-year-old two days a week while his wife, a social worker, is away from home. When a client wants to schedule time during those two days, he simply suggests another time. No one, it seems, need know his secret.

For those who remain skeptical, I point to the case of a young doctor I spoke with who has two small children and works "half time" (30 to 35 hours a week) in Seattle. Pat maintains that her performance has, if anything, improved since hammering out the arrangement. It hasn't been easy, since it has required that both her husband and her professional colleagues make adjustments: Her husband, also a doctor, often must work his taxing schedule around hers, and her fellow doctors occasionally must see some of her patients and pinch-hit for her when she can't be in the hospital. But working part-time has not meant giving up on her larger goal of excelling at her work.

A spokesperson for the Washington, D.C., fire department says part-time work would hurt rapport among the crews. But volunteer fire departments in rural communities show an esprit de corps their urban counterparts should envy.

Like many part-timers, Pat encountered prejudice in her profession but rapidly overcame it by becoming very efficient on the job. She says the for-profit clinic where she works calls her a "gold mine" because she manages to get a great deal done when she's there—partly because she doesn't have a moment to spare and partly because she brings an extra reserve of energy to her job. Indeed, hearing her speak about the exhausting demands placed on full-time doctors makes me think that if given a choice I'd rather be seen by a doctor who *isn't* on the job 65 hours a week. This seems particularly true in her field, family practice, where I'm also beginning to think real-life experience must add a kind of depth and perspective that workaholic doctors rarely get.

I like to think that if a doctor can perform in topnotch fashion part-time, anyone can. It's a matter of overcoming a prejudice against part-timers that is by no means unique to professions like medicine and law, where a kind of tribal mentality forces participants to adhere to traditional ways. I had a discouraging conversation with a spokesperson for the Washington, D.C., fire department, who protested that hiring part-time firefighters would be out of the question because they could never build sufficient rapport with their crews. He compared firefighting with playing baseball or football—you're either on the team or you can't play. He predicted that I'd get the same answer at the D.C. police department, and he was right. These officials apparently have never heard of the volunteer fire departments in rural communities throughout this country, which often show an esprit de corps that their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

urban full-time counterparts would do well to match.

A similar bias runs through the union movement. You can't feel solidarity with your fellow teachers, an official of the National Education Association told me, if you check out of the school at noon. That many present and potential teachers would like to work part-time apparently is irrelevant to those who represent the full-time work force. Such resistance to change is one reason unions are perceived by many critics as reactionary. At least some unions, by contrast, have recognized the trend toward alternative work arrangements, and are capitalizing on it. Washington's powerful United Food and Commercial Workers local has negotiated contracts with two major supermarket chains that offer a dizzying array of protections aimed at part-time workers. Because retail stores badly need part-timers to help out on busy shifts, this may be a case of union and management using mutual self-interest to assist workers who for one reason or another don't want to put in a 40-hour week.

It would be naive to argue that all part-timers are happy about the arrangement. In fact, some six million workers in America are working part-time *against their own wishes*, an AFL-CIO official I spoke with contended, adding that as long as unions are under pressure to expand the number of full-time job opportunities, voluntary part-timers are likely to get the short shrift. The irony is that in helping to uphold a two-tier system, some unions are making it that much easier for employers to divide and conquer. Because part-timers are notoriously productive and greatly increase management's flexibility, many employers are eager to have them—and eager to exclude them from the union. At the Baltimore *Sun*, for example, this year's strenuous negotiations between management and the Newspaper Guild resulted in both sides agreeing to leave the growing part-time work force at the paper out of the contract. It isn't hard to imagine what this has done to solidarity in the newsroom.

It's true, of course, that part-timers generally are not among the most militant employees. Ask any part-time journalist, teacher, or other professional what it's like to work part-time and you'll realize that many are so damn grateful for the opportunity they're not about to make big demands on the employer. Some say it's like being a performer—once you get on stage, that's almost enough. It's no wonder some well-paid, full-time teachers, for example, may feel threatened by an eager-beaver who's working away for less than half the salary. And it's hardly surprising that the teachers' unions, among others, are apprehensive about the increasing number of people—many of them parents—who are lining up at the school supervisors' doors, looking for part-time jobs. These are not reasons, however, for denying such part-timers a chance to work. The federal Office of Management and Budget has issued a personnel policy that comes close to ordering government managers to increase part-time job opportunities, and you can bet this had more to do with concerns about efficiency than with the administration's save-the-family rhetoric. Consider the sobering example I was offered by one government personnel official, for example, of a part-time clerk who does the same work as her full-time colleagues in half the hours.

Whatever their motives, employers are bound to increase part-time job opportunities in the future. The point is that society as a whole should benefit. Part-time jobs increase the number of job openings overall. Parents benefit when they can strike a balance between the demands of a career and home; others can use part-time jobs as a way to pay school tuition, or to subsidize careers in the arts, or even as a way to gain entry in the work force.

Most of us have been raised to believe that it is crucial to get ahead during our twenties and thirties. But imagine the advantages of waiting till mid-life, when the kids are off on their own, to finally invest the time and energy to be a master teacher, round-the-clock doctor or full partner in the law firm. Not least of the payoffs would be in mothers who were able to contribute in the workplace, and fathers who could play a greater role in their children's lives. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Parents Think They Can't Stay Home

"A lot of time I just have this helpless feeling. I'm downtown in my office, and I have to be there, no matter what, from 8 in the morning to 6 at night. I count on the kids being responsible and I–well, I quake."

–Elaine Herman, quoted in *New York* magazine.

"There isn't a male I know of in an executive position who would accept raising kids as a legitimate excuse for not working for three years."

–An employment recruiter, recently quoted in *The Wall Street Journal*

by Phillip Keisling

"The really ambitious, committed women get back within two weeks to one month."

–Betty Lehane Hanagan, a business consultant, on why female executives should cut short their maternity leave.

"Try telling Goodyear about my family. You think they give a shit? But the union won't change things around here, either . . . I'm one voice, I don't count. When we take a vote, I look around and who do I see? Teenage kids like I was when I started here, and old men. The kids don't have any feeling for family life, and the old-timers are too scared about jeopardizing their pensions to say anything."

–A 32-year-old factory worker commenting on his unsuccessful efforts to rearrange his work schedule so he and his wife can spend more time with their children. From James Levine's *Who Will Raise the Children?*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many people are convinced that improved day care is the best—if not the only—answer for working parents with pre-school children. What follows will not change their minds. This is instead addressed to those who already question that assumption, who think that the sensational headlines of late only mask deeper, more common problems with day care, who believe it's preferable for at least one parent to be at home during a child's early years. It is addressed, most especially, to parents who believe all this—yet turn to day care nonetheless.

Why do so many parents rely on care they themselves consider a second-best choice? There are often practical reasons: money, the absence of part-time jobs and opportunities to work at home, the unwillingness of most employers to provide paid maternity/paternity leave. The U.S. lags far behind the rest of the industrialized world in providing such basic accommodations for working parents. But there are other reasons, ones that involve attitudes, values, and the customs of our culture with regard to work.

►The first such obstacle that thwarts parents who'd prefer to share child-rearing responsibilities at home can be called Pretend Work. Most people who work in large organizations, whether private or public, know that inordinate periods of their working days are filled with dead time—reading the paper, writing pointless memoranda, attending dull meetings, performing useless research, indulging in idle speculation about office politics. Rare is the day that has eight hours of real work in it.

Yet if anything, the current trend among professional and managerial workers is toward spending more hours at the office. In his recent book, *The Joyless Economy*, economist Tibor Scitovsky observed that while the hours of work had "consistently decreased" for the workforce as a whole in the past half-century, the work week of managers and professionals had "steadily risen." In Western countries such as the U.S., Austria, and West Germany, Scitovsky discovered, the work week of such employees was up to 50 percent longer than the 40-hour week of ordinary workers.

Phillip Keisling is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

►A second problem is The Fraternity Hazing Syndrome. Up-and-coming lawyers, doctors, corporate managers, and others are expected to work their hardest during the years from 21 to 35—the same years most of them have children. Associate lawyers work weekends and late into the evenings to meet their quota of billable hours. A beginning doctor will be on call at the local hospital every third or fourth night. Yet by the time their children reach adolescence (when typically they are demanding money rather than time, and in fact may well be hoping that their parents will get lost), these same professionals have realized their futures and often begin to relax, relying on younger colleagues to perform much of the hard work. These older workers recall their own sacrifices and the dues they've paid; they look on their working lives now as Miller Time.

►A close cousin to the Fraternity Hazing Syndrome is The Career Timetable, which dictates that people must race the clock to attain a career goal by a certain age or within a fixed number of years. Sometimes the deadline exists only in the mind of the ladder-climber, but employers themselves can also create the problem. Many law firms, for example, require a young associate to make partner by, say, his or her seventh year on the job. Spending three years or so at home with a child amounts to career suicide.

►That eyebrow-arching question, "And What Do You Do?" is another powerful deterrent to staying at home. When asked at Manhattan or Georgetown cocktail parties it is best answered with "I write for the *New Yorker*" or "I'm a foreign service officer," or "I'm with Sullivan and Cromwell." To respond instead by saying, "I'm a mother" or "I'm a father" or "I'm taking some time off to be with my children" is likely to have the same conversation-stopping effect as "I bowled a 245 the other night."

►We Need the Money is probably the most common explanation working parents give for not staying at home. Most accounts of the day-care controversy carry a sentence like this: "These parents must work out of economic necessity." For many couples, the excuse is real. One recent study of working wives, for example, found that nearly one-third had husbands making less than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$10,000 per year. But for a good many others—including a large part of the young professional and managerial classes—need is less clear. Here we find couples who buy a BMW with four-channel sound not because they really need a car that costs that much, but because of what the car says about their intelligence and taste.

A few statistics suggest why the rationale of "economic necessity" deserves a closer look. In 1983, the average income for families in the 25-to-34 age bracket was $22,776, according to the Census Bureau—25 percent higher in real terms than in 1957. The figure actually understates the considerable rise in living standards. The average family buys and borrows a great deal more than its 1957 counterpart. Consumer debt has risen 20-fold to $350 billion. Things our parents never dreamed of—a home computer, Betamax, Cuisinart, or private school for the children—are now viewed as necessities by many young parents. Such people are talking about maintaining a level of consumption to which they have become accustomed. They are not talking about need. Even by one widely accepted standard of diminished expectations—the difficulty young couples face in buying their first home—it's worth noting that in 1950 the average new home contained about 900 square feet of space. Today, even though households are smaller, the figure is nearly 1,600.

The heightened expectations of young parents have been described as well as anyone by Kay Kouzma, whose 1978 book, *Prime Time Parenting*, popularized the notion of "quality time." This concept, eagerly embraced by millions of working parents, holds that what really matters is not how much time parents spend with their young children, but the quality of the contact, even if it's only an hour a day. In urging the notion on parents in their twenties and thirties, Kouzma observes that "This is the time to finish school, to establish a career, to mortgage a home, to keep up with the Joneses, to buy everything it took parents a lifetime to accumulate."

Free the residents

These, then, are five important reasons that people won't stay at home with their children: Pretend Work, The Fraternity Hazing Syndrome, The Career Timetable, What Do You Do, and We Need the Money.

What is most striking about these excuses is their collective absurdity for most middle- and upper-class people. Isn't it pathetic for anyone to be embarrassed to say, "I'm staying at home with my child"? Does the money young people need really include all that is necessary "to buy everything it took parents a lifetime to accumulate"?

The elimination of the other excuses is well within our individual and collective ingenuity. Consider, for example, the Fraternity Hazing Syndrome. If a hundred or so senior physicians who have admitting privileges at the typical hospital would work nights just two or three times a year, the brutalization of residents could be halted. The law firm that insists upon the career timetable could simply say that the seven years will not include three years spent at home with the child. And if each parent spends three years at home, their child can stay at home until it is time for school.

To stay at home for these few years does not mean that parents have to sacrifice the kind of dedication to their work that will make them hard chargers the rest of their lives. If a couple has one child, three years each at most is all that is involved; if they have two, spaced a year apart, it's three and a half years—still less than most of us spend in college. And the loss of time from the job can be further reduced by work that is part-time or can be done at home.

The number of part-time jobs would increase enormously if we applied the notion of "quality time" to the workplace instead of to the child, and eliminated Pretend Work from our corporate and government bureaucracies. This might mean a loss of income, but when what's at stake is keeping the 1979 Ford instead of buying a new BMW, then parents simply have to decide what is more important—the child or the new car.

Once parents strip away all the phony excuses for not staying at home, they can then help to remove the obstacles that now make this step difficult. They can challenge the managers and unions who oppose part-time work, job-sharing, and working at home. They can be proud to be parents instead of keeping up appearances by doing work that is less important and that doesn't satisfy them to begin with. They can support efforts to drastically overhaul government-assistance programs so that single parents and the working poor, who don't now have the freedom of choice, would be able to remain at home.

We can, in short, refuse to consent. Once we have done that, we can work for the kinds of public policies that affirm our best instincts rather than undermine them. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMO OF THE MONTH

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

NOTICE OF POSITION VACANCY
EXCEPTED SERVICE
TERM APPOINTMENT
UP TO THREE YEARS

VACANCY NO. 84-202
OPENING DATE July 2, 1984
CLOSING DATE July 23, 1984
SALARY RANGE $50,500 -$65,642

POSITION: NIE RESEARCH MANAGER, AD-1730 (ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Supervisory Position Yes ☒ No ☐

APPLICATIONS SUBMITTED IN RESPONSE TO THIS VACANCY ANNOUNCEMENT BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THIS OFFICE

RECEIVED JUL 12 1984

AREA OF CONSIDERATION: ALL SOURCES, NATIONWIDE

ORGANIZATION AND DUTY STATION: National Institute of Education, Program on Teaching and Learning, Washington, D. C.

DESCRIPTION OF WORK:

Under the direction of the Associate Director, Program on Teaching and Learning, the Assistant Director for Learning and Development supervises and directs the activities of subordinate team leaders and program staff in the conduct of basic and applied research designed to improve the quality of education.

Serves as a Research Manager responsible for the intellectual leadership and management of the substantive work of the Learning and Development Division. The Learning and Development Division's research topics will examine and focus on the processes of human learning and development, particularly as they can be better understood through research on: cognition, application of technological innovations to instruction, specific content areas such as science, math, the humanities, the arts, etc. and understanding those influences which effect the learning process itself. This work will also include research on reading, writing, language acquisition, etc. and, subsequently convert the research findings from these areas to improved instructional practice.

The major functions include: activity formulation, planning, and research design; development of project specification and RFPS and contractor selection; monitoring and quality control of contracted research; conduct of in-house research as required; synthesis of research findings by the staff; and preparation of substantive reports, etc. for targeted audiences.

Serves as advisor and consultant to the counterparts within the Institute on missions and objectives of the program. Establishes and maintains consultative and coordinative relationships with the educational communities.

The incumbent is managerially responsible for staffing, personnel management, budget preparation and administration, contracting, external communications, and other management functions. The position entails supervision of the substantive work of a staff of professional and support personnel.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Participants in the nuclear tests of the forties and fifties belonged to the last generation of Americans that trusted its government implicitly. Today many of them are dying from radiation exposure.

Swimming in the Atomic Lagoon

Morale was high among the sailors who set off for the South Pacific at the end of World War II to participate in "Operation Crossroads," the first of 235 atmospheric tests of the atomic bomb that our government conducted between 1946 and 1962. The sailors frequented a bar called the Studs Saloon, which bore the sign, "No Wine, No Women, No Nothing," and played Atomic Pari-Mutuel, betting on the exact time that the bomb would explode and the number of ships it would sink. They played ping-pong, basketball, and volleyball and often swam in the lagoon to cool off from the tropical heat. "Our whole crew thought we had died and went to heaven," recalls Anthony Guarisco, who served on the ship that carried liquor, soda, cigarettes, candy, and athletic equipment to the recruits.

Today, almost 40 years later, it is hard to recapture the innocence and trust with which the 42,000 men who participated in this test regarded their government. They were "good American types, clean-cut, vigorous, grimy, gum-chewing characters dressed in shorts and sandals cut from GI boots," wrote Dr. David Bradley, a safety monitor at the tests, in his book, *No Place to Hide.* "All they wanted was an assurance of continuing manhood, and they would be willing to tackle an atomic bomb every morning before breakfast, if not before coffee."

"It was a somewhat cheerful game, although more than a little macabre, because we were all young, and we had an implicit trust in our superiors and the scientists attached," recalled J. Bankston, one of a handful of enlisted men selected to assist the scientist who assembled the bomb at Operation Crossroads.

Some participants were warned they might be temporarily sterile during the tests, Maynard Blossom recalled later. "The young officers used to joke about this and walk around with their pants unzipped in the hopes that they would be sterile longer," he said.

Another veteran, Gerald Crozier, received a mock certificate of merit, honoring him as a

Eileen Quigley is a writer living in New York City.

by Eileen Quigley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"loyal guinea pig" who, "through an exaggerated sense of patriotism sacrificed his body to the rigors attendant to atom bombs."

The trust these men had in their government was matched only by their lack of awareness of the dangers of the radiation to which they were about to be exposed. "At the time, I did not know what radiation was nor what it could do to you," Richard Roehl, a test participant, wrote in 1980. "You can't see it, feel it, taste it, or smell it. I felt okay so I forgot about it." And George Seabron, also a participant, said that he "dove in the water right after the test. They never told us anything. We did not know enough to be scared. We'd always depended on the government to take care of us."

One of these men was Joseph Bernard Quigley, then age 25. My father was an extremely patriotic man, and, were he alive today, he would probably say he was proud to have participated in the tests. Raised on a dairy farm in Missouri, he was taught the value of hard work at an early age and was instilled with a strong sense of duty—to his country, his religion, his family, and, above all, to himself. Like many first-born sons of Irish Catholic families, he considered becoming a priest. But when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, my grandfather asked his childhood friend, Harry Truman, to appoint his son to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, which Truman did in 1942. Distinguishing himself in both languages and mathematics, he graduated a year early, in 1945, with a B.S. in electrical engineering, was assigned to the *U.S.S. Saratoga*, and sent to the Pacific, just as World War II was ending.

During the years after the tests, my father developed an unusual series of health problems: underactive thyroid, diabetes, and a rare metabolic disease called hemochromatosis, caused by poorly regulated absorption of iron. In 1970 his ribs began to crack without explanation; he was hospitalized throughout most of the year, and doctors were baffled by his rapid deterioration. Proud and almost defiantly self-sufficient, my father lay helpless in a hospital bed, his once-curly red hair limp and grey, his face gaunt and lined with pain, his brilliant mind dimmed by heavy sedation. He died at Christmastime in 1970, just three months short of his 46th birthday, of cancer originating in the liver. An autopsy revealed that his body was riddled with the disease.

Karl Morgan, a pioneer in the field of atomic energy and a health physicist, believes there is a connection between the bomb tests and the disease that overcame my father's body: "It sounds very much as though his demise was due to exposure," Morgan said in January 1983. "The tumor in the liver suggests he probably got a lot of internal exposure, probably inhaled and deposited in the liver." Morgan directed the Health Physics Division for 29 years at Oak Ridge National Laboratory, where research on the bomb began in 1943. He was also a member of the Radiological Safety Section at Operation Crossroads.

> "I dove in the water right after the test. We did not know enough to be scared. We'd always depended on the government to take care of us."

Yet it was not until 1977, more than 30 years after these tests, that the federal government even began to acknowledge that participants like my father may have been harmed by radiation exposure. That year, the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta conducted a study of two atomic tests in the Nevada desert and found a high incidence of leukemia among the participants. Congressional hearings, and the attendant public outcry, moved the Department of Defense to set in motion a review of the case histories of the participants in all the nuclear tests. At the same time, Congress authorized the National Academy of Sciences to examine the "health experiences" of 60,000 individuals who took part in five tests between 1951 and 1957. NAS was supposed to release preliminary results of the study last year, but it has yet to do so.

Atoms in the sea

Operation Crossroads took place in the once-idyllic Bikini atoll in the Marshall Islands, acquired by the United States from the Japanese after World War II. A mere two weeks after the Hiroshima detonation, the United States began planning tests to determine the bomb's effect on battleships and other military equipment, which defense planners at the time believed could be redesigned to meet the demands of atomic warfare. Equally important, however, was the military's desire to test the effects of radioactivity itself on both animals and equipment; before

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossroads there had been no opportunity to study the effects of radioactive fallout in a controlled experiment.

The plan was to detonate two bombs, identical to the ones used at Nagasaki, in the center of 84 ships positioned in concentric circles at varying distances from the target ship. In the first test, held on July 1, 1946, and code-named Able, a bomb was released from a plane and detonated over the *U.S.S. Nevada*. In the second, conducted on July 25, 1946, and code-named Baker, the bomb was suspended beneath a ship and detonated electronically.

A third blast, Charlie, which was to be detonated deep underwater, was canceled. The official reason was that it would cost too much and deploy too much in the way of personnel and equipment in the South Pacific. But in 1982 Dr. Bradley offered another, unpublicized reason: "The Navy was surprised by Test Baker," he said. Radiation lingered after the second test much longer than anticipated and many of the ships remained radioactive and inoperable until 1951, when they were sunk off the coast of California. "The original idea was to show that the Navy was a match for the bomb and then sail back to the West Coast. But it became an unmanageable operation."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Faulty readings

Operation Crossroads had problems from the outset. Soldiers, eager to head home after months of battle, did not want to volunteer for extra duty. Test planners also had trouble arranging for technically trained personnel to go to Bikini. When the tests were postponed from May 15 to July 1, several hundred specially trained recruits resigned. New recruits were added to serve as safety monitors, but as RadSafe Director Colonel Stafford L. Warren's personal papers reveal, their training was hasty and inadequate. "The Bikini test, insofar as our section was concerned, was conducted as an emergency, and a lot of compromises were made," Warren wrote to one of the physicians assigned to his safety unit.

The lack of training prevented the monitors from safeguarding the participants' health. Some of the oversights were basic. "Monitors were not sophisticated enough to understand that when the radiation levels were so high, they paralyzed the meters," Morgan said. Dr. Bradley noted in his book that the monitors substituted less sensitive measuring devices when Geiger counters failed and that the saltwater and humidity caused many instruments to malfunction.

The monitors had another, more significant problem: their instruments—called "dosimeters"—gave readings for gamma rays, but not for alpha or beta particles. Unlike gamma rays, which penetrate the flesh like X-rays (and can either damage cells or pass through the body without biological effect), alpha and beta particles are swallowed or inhaled; they remain in the body where they can cause damage over time. The available measuring devices also did not detect plutonium, the material from which the bombs were made. Plutonium, which requires 24,000 years before half of its alpha radiation decays, destroys "bone marrow, and may kill its host by wrecking his red and white blood cells," wrote Dr. Bradley in 1946. "If the host survives, he may die years later from bone tumors."

Warren explained that most of the instruments were "experimental in nature" because there had been no need for such instrumentation before Crossroads. But today, Morgan says, "the dosimetry was not what I would consider adequate even then and certainly not with what we know today. It was gross negligence."

Morgan said he found beta doses three times greater than the amount of gamma radiation on the island and the target ships. In rust, tar, and paint, he found beta doses up to 600 times greater than the amount of gamma radiation. Since the men lived and worked on the radioactive ships, drank water drawn from the radioactive lagoon, slept naked on decks covered with radioactive particles, and ate food on board the target ships, they could constantly absorb these particles through inhalation and ingestion.

Thinking it strange that such dangerously high radiation levels could have disappeared overnight, my father reconnected his Geiger counter. The meter shot off the scale.

To prepare the recruits for such hazards, the presiding authorities distributed lists of safety precautions, which I found among my father's papers. These detailed the need for protective clothing, such as long-sleeved shirts, pants, gloves, and shoes, on board the ships. At the time of detonation, the men were "directed to face in a certain direction, to look at the deck, close the eyes, and place the hands over the eyes." Casual as these "precautions" now seem, even they were not enforced with rigor. Pictures of the event show numerous barefoot and shirtless men on board the exposed ships.

"I saw no protective clothing, no gloves, no respirators, nothing," recalls Ken Marshall. Men who dove underwater to rescue submerged vessels, or retrieve information lost when the ships sank, also wore no special garments. Richard Roehl, for example, spent almost nine hours in the water after the second blast, repairing the stern of a damaged ship. "My diving equipment was a face mask, swimsuit, and sneakers," he wrote. "We even swam up close to the blast area to do some 'sight-seeing.' "

The hot lagoon

My father's job at Bikini was to monitor the electrical equipment on board the *U.S.S. Saratoga*. His letters home indicated that he reboarded the ship 24 hours after the first test, which sank five ships and severely damaged nine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

others. Testing the air and surrounding area for radiation, he and his fellow crew members determined the ship was "perfectly clear in every way" and completely restored power in ten hours.

"Instead of huddling tonight against the charred side of the crumpled stack with my cold K-rations," he wrote, "I sit listening to Tommy Dorsey on Radio Frisco waiting for the boys to bring up some ice cream and cake to go with the new coffee we have brewing."

Some had predicted that the explosion would cause huge tidal waves and massive destruction, and many observers seemed disappointed when the first test did not meet those expectations. Baker, the underwater blast, was more impressive. "The thunderous column... left them [the onlookers] shaken and horror-struck," *Newsweek* reported. Many ships remained intact in Able, but in Baker nearly every ship was damaged or sunk. There was another difference. Able's mushroom cloud climbed rapidly to a height of 30,000 to 40,000 feet and air currents carried much of its radiation away. The Baker blast, on the other hand, rose only 6,000 feet, displacing in the process two million tons of radioactive water that rained down upon the target fleet.

The project coordinators had to delay the men from going back into the "hot" lagoon immediately after Baker because the radiation levels were too high. My father described "playing hide-and-seek with the radioactive water... anchoring and then reanchoring, moving ahead of the dangerously hot water." Finally the coordinators asked for volunteers to enter the lagoon and retrieve the animals and equipment that had been placed, for experimental purposes, on board the target vessels. My father was one of those volunteers. Dangerously high levels of radiation forced the volunteers to turn back several times. Finally, no more than a couple of days after Baker, they approached the lagoon. The Geiger counter was silent. They wound their way around the graveyard of sunk and half-sunk vessels. Thinking it strange that such extremely high radiation levels could have dissipated overnight, my father opened his Geiger counter and discovered that the wires were not connected correctly. He reconnected them and the meter shot off the scale.

His landing craft beat a hasty retreat, narrowly avoiding the hull of a sunken ship just beneath the lagoon's surface. Highly contaminated, the volunteers returned to the fleet and were told to discard their clothing and shower thoroughly—the standard procedure in those days for dealing with overexposure. While showering may have removed radioactive particles clinging to their skin, it would of course have no effect on the rays that had penetrated their bodies or the particles they had absorbed internally.

As an officer, my father enjoyed the luxury of volunteering for such potentially dangerous duty. Enlisted men were not so fortunate. Some, like T.W. Grubbs, were ordered to fly their planes toward the radioactive cloud just minutes after the blasts. Their mission: to meet pilotless planes, carrying testing instruments, which had flown through the cloud collecting particles for scientific study. (Grubbs died of bone cancer in early 1983.)

Maynard Blossom was sent back on the *U.S.S. Nevada*, Able's target ship, immediately after the blast to keep the boat from sinking. Jerome Martek worked in the engine room of the *U.S.S. Bladen* replacing zinc plates in condensers, which converted seawater drawn from the radioactive lagoon into drinking water. Radiation particles clung to the zinc plates in these desalinization units.

"A scientist walked by with a Geiger counter and asked me how I got so 'hot,' " Martek wrote afterwards. "He told me to get out of my clothing and shower immediately." Martek showered twice, after which the scientist declared him "clean."

Ken Marshall entered the lagoon immediately after the blast to transport men to the target ships, where they then worked to salvage the wrecked vessels. Frank Karasti's ship, the *U.S.S. Clamp*, went back into the target area just under three hours after Able. Despite the scientists' warnings that high levels of radiation remained, they approached the ships. "We steamed right in there," Karasti said in 1981. "I suppose they were so curious to look at what had happened."

"The public relations angle"

In published accounts leading up to and following the tests, there is scant mention of concern for the safety of the participants. Admiral Blandy, the project coordinator, said he doubted anyone would suffer from the radiation. "Because of the elaborate safety plans," he wrote, "injury is highly improbable."

Colonel Warren's papers document the Radiological Safety Section's concern for the safety of the participants. But they also include daily lists of men who were overexposed. It ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"All they wanted was an assurance of continuing manhood," wrote a doctor who participated in Operation Crossroads as a safety monitor, "and they would be willing to tackle an atomic bomb every morning before breakfast, if not before coffee."

pears from the papers that it was difficult to impress upon the military commanders the danger of radiation. One of Warren's monitors commented that many of the officers "insisted on the blind, 'hairy-chested' approach to the matter [of radiological safety] with a disdain for the unseen hazard." "You don't worry about the things you can't see or hear or taste," notes Dr. Bradley. John C. Hamilton, one of the 20 scientists from the National Academy of Sciences chosen to participate in the tests, noted readings of 180- and 240-times the accepted level of exposure in the lagoon and on board ships just after the detonation of Baker.

The men were supposed to have been issued film badges, which, once developed, would indicate how much gamma radiation had passed through the individual's body. The government admitted in 1977, however, that there were badge readings for only a quarter of the men in Crossroads; these, moreover, did not measure the radioactive particles an individual had ingested. Besides, the badges *at best* told the government only the amount of radiation to which a man had been exposed. They did *nothing* to help a man avoid that radiation.

As the high-level radiation dissipated from the ships, the low levels remained. Not having confronted before the problem of decontaminating irradiated vessels, the military set out to rid them of their poisonous materials in true Navy fashion: by scrubbing down the decks.

However, as Dr. Bradley wrote at the time, "Fission products, having fallen like a coat of paint over these ships, cannot be washed off by saltwater and suds." One of Dr. Bradley's colleagues found evidence that the scrubbing could ingrain the radioactive particles more deeply into wooden surfaces.

Recently declassified documents reveal that the ships remained "hot" for several months or even years after the test. Many were sunk when it became apparent that they would never be rid of their radioactivity. Others were brought back to San Francisco for decontamination. During the months after the ships were exposed, their crews lived and worked on them.

When Ken Marshall's ship, the *U.S.S. Rockingham*, arrived in Oakland, it was directed several times to move to different locations in the harbor, apparently because no one knew what to do with the contaminated ship and its crew. Finally they docked and a huge sign was posted on the ship warning that it was radioactive and forbidding anyone to board her. The dock crew refused to unload the guns they had brought back from the target ship *Nevada* because the equipment was highly radioactive. So Marshall and his fellow crewmen performed the distasteful task themselves. "The word was that we wouldn't be allowed liberty until those guns were unloaded, so we did it," Marshall said.

Once the ships were docked the Navy tried sandblasting to remove the radioactive particles that clung to the hulls. This plan, however, posed a danger to the workers, who might inhale the radioactive material. There was also the problem of disposing of the "hot" sand produced by the blasting. But the project directors proposed no special precautions for disposing of this material, according to the minutes of one of their meetings. Colonel Warren expressed concern that the sand might contaminate water supplies. Dr. Hamilton assured him that no water-soluble materials would remain on the ships' hulls by the time of the sandblasting, and the sand so used would therefore pose no problem.

For his part, Dr. Hamilton was worried about the way the public might react to the presence of these hazardous wastes. Accordingly, he advised

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not having confronted before the problem of decontaminating irradiated vessels, the military set out to rid them of their poisonous materials in true Navy fashion: by scrubbing down the decks.

that "consideration be given to the public relations angle in not permitting the information to leak out regarding the local disposal of acid and sand containing some fission products." If the sand is sold to an outside concern, he said, the persons receiving it should not be advised of the source "because of their likely failure to understand that no hazard from their radioactive materials existed."

The project directors considered removing entire sections of the contaminated piping system and reinstalling them in active ships for experimental purposes. They reasoned that the Navy could save money by repairing four submarines used in the tests, the *Parche, Searaven, Dentuda*, and *Tuna* for use as reserve training vessels. The *Tuna* and *Searaven*, however, were sunk off the coast of California in 1951 because they remained highly radioactive. The directors offered another cost-saving measure: dumping the acid solutions used to decontaminate the saltwater systems in the harbor instead of in the deep sea.

Reconstructed rems

The government took great pains to document the damage to the target ships and equipment at Bikini. Until the release of the Defense Nuclear Agency's study in October—the study completed in response to congressional pressure—the many declassified documents pertaining to Crossroads dealt exclusively with the fate of this material. None discussed what happened to the men who served there. "They tested the animals, but they never tested us," George Seabron said. After Crossroads, Seabron discovered he was sterile. Today, the iron in his blood is too low and his muscles and bones exhaust easily, causing extreme fatigue and constant pain.

When Congress called for the studies of the bomb test participants in 1978, the Defense Nuclear Agency publicized a toll-free phone number in major newspapers throughout the country, requesting atomic veterans to call in information about their tests and their current health. My mother called the number in October 1978 and received a form, which she promptly filled out with information about my father's participation and returned. Although the agency said it would write her again with the results of the study, it never did.

It was not until she filed a Freedom of Information request in November 1982 that she received a response—a fact sheet stating that more than 49,000 of the estimated 220,000 veterans involved in the 17-year testing program had, to that date, called the toll-free number and sent in their one-page biographies. Based on film badge entries made at the time, the fact sheet said, "most exposures to DoD personnel during the tests were quite low. Of course, many received no exposure at all and some received more."

"Less than 1 percent of the nuclear test participants exceeded the current federal guidelines of 5 rem [the standard unit of radiation exposure] annual exposure," wrote Captain W.H. Loeffler. "The consensus of the medical and scientific community is that the risk of any adverse health effect from exposure such as experienced by nearly all the test participants is very, very slight."

According to the agency's records, my father's calculated exposure was .033 rem. But none of the 583 crew members assigned to the *Saratoga* before she sank was issued a film badge. When asked how exposure levels are determined without such data, the agency responds that subjects are "assigned" a "calculated dose" based on a "scientific reconstruction of his unit's activity or analysis of badge readings from his unit."

These "reconstructions" are rife with well-documented shortcomings. They assume, for example, that participants followed their pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operation plans exactly, without deviation; in fact, many of the troops probably moved within highly radioactive areas. The reconstructions also assume that all the badge readings were accurate; and for the most part they do not take into account the effects of ingested radioactive particles.

But there is a reason the government overlooks these flaws, and it is connected to the government's reluctance to study the effects of its bomb tests in the first place. The "reconstructions" serve to document the government's claim that overall exposure was not high enough to warrant concern about the participants' health, let alone further studies or compensation. Relying heavily on the reconstructions, the VA has refused all but 14 of 1,748 claims for compensation for injury alleged to result from radiation exposure.

In May of this year, Federal District Judge Bruce Jenkins ruled the United States negligent in the death from cancer of nine people who lived downwind of the Nevada test sites in the 1950s at which numerous atomic tests were conducted. This marks the first time that the government has been held accountable in court for conducting tests without safeguarding the health of participants. The implications of this decision for the participants at Crossroads are not yet clear.

A sense of betrayal

Meanwhile, the men who participated in Operation Crossroads continue to suffer from afflictions for which the government will not accept responsibility. Anthony Guarisco has a disease called akylosing spondylitis."In layman's language, your spine becomes like a broom handle," Guarisco explains. "You cannot move your head up, down, or sideways." Guarisco was classified as permanently disabled in 1979.

Guarisco, who spent 67 consecutive days on Bikini immediately after the tests, organizing the entertainment of the men, claims that the government has no record of his immediate return to the island. "When I requested my records, the government pointed out emphatically that for six days after the shot, I was on an LST [a landing craft] and then at Rondelap. It's all phony," Guarisco says.

Frank Karasti developed a lesion on his lung about a month after Baker and experienced breathing problems until his death early this year. His job at Bikini was to put out fires on the *U.S.S. Nevada*, the intended bulls-eye for Able. He was forced to quit work in 1979 due to problems with his bones and nervous system.

Jerome Martek became sterile after Bikini. He had a brain abscess, problems with internal bleeding, and one-third of his lung removed. "I have been denied the chance of fatherhood and, because of my poor health, I can't adopt children," Martek said in 1980. The VA denied Martek's compensation claims. He died in October 1983, his entire immune system destroyed.

In 1981, Richard Roehl found out he had a degenerative spine. Eric Furman has a similar problem and has been unable to work for 15 years. His teeth are deteriorating and he has trouble with his eyes and legs. He recalls having a rash all over his body at Bikini. Otis Leon Walker also recalls having a rash as well as nausea and headaches during the tests.

Theodore J. Walas underwent a thyroid operation in 1969. Ken Marshall underwent a similar operation in 1954 and recalls losing clumps of hair during the tests. Marshall has been operated on eight times for various benign tumors throughout his body. The membranes around his heart and stomach have deteriorated as well. Gerald I. Crozier had a heart attack when he was 29 years old and has had abdominal problems since the tests.

During the 17 years that the United States tested atomic weapons in the atmosphere, more than 200,000 military personnel and 150,000 civilians were exposed to nuclear explosions. The government sent 100,000 men into Hiroshima and Nagasaki to clean up the destruction after the bombs were detonated. Men were placed in trenches two miles from ground zero in the Nevada tests. Others were ordered to fly planes through mushroom clouds to collect radioactive particles just after explosions. Sailors were sent back on board radioactive ships within hours after bombs had exploded.

The men who participated in Crossroads and the other tests served their country in good faith, and well. Understandably, they feel betrayed today by the same government that denies responsibility for their afflictions and refuses to answer their claims. The Defense Nuclear Agency study released in October acknowledges that the instruments used to measure radiation at Crossroads were not equal to the task. Still, the report concludes, the test was conducted "without irradiation injury to any persons."

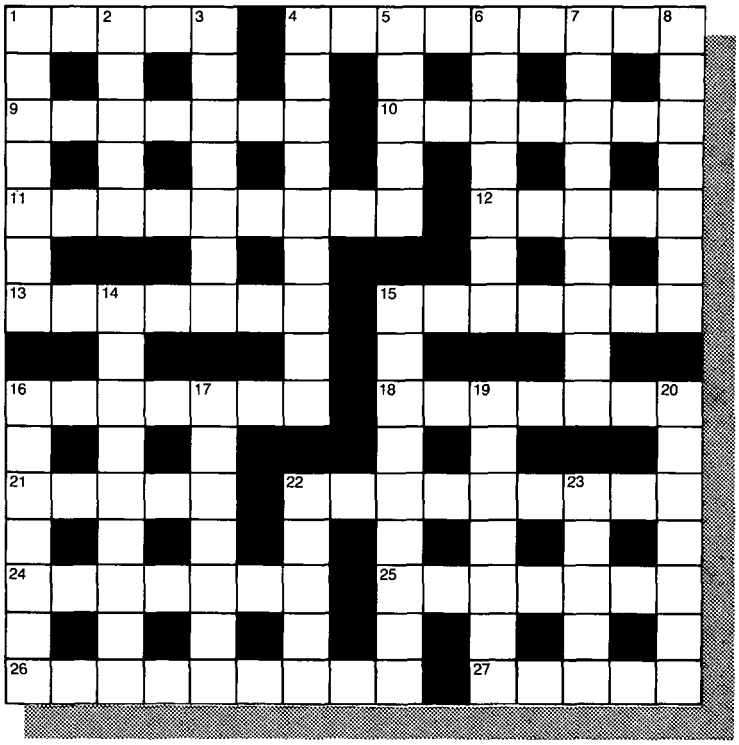
"The irony of it all is that the majority of the veterans who were at Crossroads were World War II vets," Anthony Guarisco said. "We had survived the Japanese only to fall victims to the same government we were willing to lay our lives on the line for." ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.



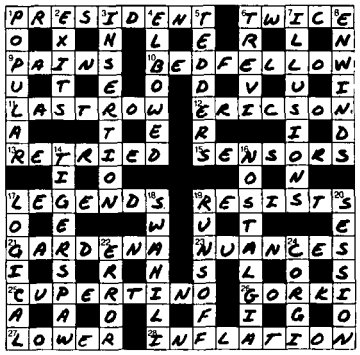
ACROSS

1. Medium disturbs void around the East. (5)
5. Spokesman messed up Ron nuance. (9)
9. Happy about what's inside? (7)
10. Red guns upset word forms. (7)
11. Surgery for misanthropes? (4-5)
12. Word form for organized New England set. (5)
13. Wildly attack hats, too. (5, 2)
15. Transportation Department takes bad ride for famous Frenchman. (7)
16. Demand payment back indeed stripped. (7)
18. Uncover a merest clam. (7)
21. New Irsay country. (5)
22. Elect cold assembly assembled. (9)
24. The late developed sports figure. (7)
25. Dress for U.S. comet explosion. (7)
26. Press corps exploded ESP terror. (9)
27. Sun or star, for example. (5)

DOWN

1. Sort 104 assorted champions. (7)
2. Carefully caned step. (5)
3. Unique, and soon the mixture. (3-4)
4. Drawn tact rated mysteriously. (9)
5. Dark and strange thing. (5)
6. Film not classified about United Nations trade. (7)
7. Little firm sister instrument puzzle. (9)
8. Honor creeps around before tea. (7)
14. Systematically ripen show title. (9)
15. Sets aside something special in South Dakota rising. (9)
16. Praised tortured lack of hope. (7)
17. Malfunctioning organ is sign of inattention. (4, 3)
19. Brings odds down by countermeasures? (5, 2)
20. Creature is more embarrassed about poor grade. (3, 4)
21. Country following con is quite definite. (5)
23. Tower of cards? (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MIDDLE CLASS: Money Madness In Manhattan

"For certain individuals—you—Manhattan is the only place to be.... In Manhattan, you made the necessary contacts. You learned the rules of the game. You got the big breaks. You won the recognition and enjoy the success you deserve."

—From a recent solicitation letter by Manhattan, Inc., *a new business magazine.*

by Walter Shapiro

Let me tell you about my writer's block. For almost a year, I have been promising my friends at *The Washington Monthly* that I would write a personal essay on the financial and personal reverberations of moving to Manhattan after 12 years in Washington. Easy enough in theory, but the words just wouldn't come. My problem is easy to diagnose: to write about Manhattan I have to discuss my attitudes towards money, which are not nearly as high-minded and filled with Naderesque self-abnegation as I would like.

I write about politics for *Newsweek*, and my wife, Meryl, is a television journalist. Compared to blue-collar workers, teachers, legal-aid lawyers, most federal bureaucrats (excluding those on pensions), some dentists, and many of my fellow

Walter Shapiro writes about politics for Newsweek *in New York and is a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

journalists, I am doing sufficiently well in the take-home department to make all my complaints about money seem like the bleatings of Walter the Whiner. But in spite of what many would consider very good fortune, I still feel unable to support what I have always considered the middle-class lifestyle, and perhaps as a result, I've become terribly obsessed with money. I am constantly wanting and craving and coveting.

I blame it on Manhattan. Something here makes it hard to think of anything other than how much money you don't have. When I was in college, New York, big money and moral decay were inextricably linked in my mind. I can still see myself leaning on a bunk bed in a freshman dorm at the University of Michigan, saying portentously, "Of course, I could go to New York, take a job in advertising and make $90,000 a year." Since this was Ann Arbor during the angry 1960s, my point was so self-evident that it didn't need to be expressed: "But selling out to advertising would be wrong." Advertising, a profession that in the 1960s was emblematic of the New York rat race the way investment banking is today, sapped the soul. Not even $90,000 a year (about a quarter of a million in 1984 dollars) could be sufficient recompense for that inevitable moment in late middle-age when I would stare at my boozy reflection in the shaving mirror and realize, "I've wasted my entire life selling mouthwash." In the fall of 1968, in an essay for my campus paper, *The Michigan Daily*, I flatly asserted, "This disenchanted generation has found the values of materialism empty... I am convinced that it is highly difficult for anyone who has been aware during these turbulent few years to adjust easily to the prosaic life of American affluence."

Ten years after I wrote that, I would have found my youthful ideas about New York and money-madness laughable. After another five years, though, it turned out that I was right about the difficulty of "adjusting easily"—and worse, that I was living out the difficulty myself. The only difference was that instead of having plenty of money and a meaningless job, I had a meaningful job and worried about money all the time. In fact, I have wondered in a horrible moment or two whether advertising would have been so bad after all.

If material comforts could be objectively measured, there might not be that much difference between the way I lived in Washington and the way I live in New York. My apartment in New York is spacious (more on this later), is on the increasingly fashionable Upper West Side and is filled with the essential trinity of Yuppie appliances—a Cuisinart, a video recorder, and an "I'm not here right now" telephone answering machine. I have always had a soft spot for you-are-what-you-eat as a guide to life; now I can afford to eat raspberries and most people can't.

During the last few years I lived in Washington, I indulged the same tastes. The difference was that I felt *satisfied*. Apart from food and a few vacations in Europe and the Caribbean, Meryl and I were pretty much inured to the temptations of the new age of avarice. The financial compromises came easily and involved surprisingly little sacrifice. Instead of a house in Cleveland Park, we made do with a huge apartment (complete with the usual complement of Inner City insects) in Adams Morgan, a transitional neighborhood that could be described charitably as funky. We could have gone into debt for a BMW; instead, we drove a beloved 1972 station wagon that looked as if it had been bought off a used-car lot in Caracas. But being well-connected journalists in Washington (an experience as heady as being a Moslem cleric in the holy city of Qum), we reveled in the reverse snobbery of our car and our apartment. We felt sufficiently secure in our social position to say, in effect, "Hey, look at us—we don't need to drive a Mercedes to feel important."

Washington allowed us the luxury of enjoying what we regarded as a Beverly Hills life on Glendale salaries. We knew that as journalists who had missed out on the Great Washington Land Rush, we'd never have a balance sheet like John Zaccaro's. But it didn't seem to matter. Washington's social values could hardly be held up as ideals of sanity or balance, but a feeding-frenzy regarding money has not really set in there. Regarding power, fame, access—yes. For those things people would kill more quickly than they would for money. In Washington our social position was based on what we did, whom we knew, and what parties we were invited to—and not how much we made. In that sense, Washington was an upper-middle-class paradise. Virtually nothing we really cared about was off-limits. I didn't envy the K Street fixers and influence peddlers; a house in Potomac and a membership at Burning Tree didn't seem worth the ethical compromises and, frankly, the tedium the fixers and peddlers must endure. It was easy to ignore the Reaganite make-mine-mink set. They were, most assuredly, not People Like Us—and how they chose to spend their ill-gotten gains didn't really matter. The Carter administration (in which I spent three

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years) was of recent enough vintage to remind us that one could eat off of earthenware plates and still hear the latest White House gossip. Anyway, as journalists, we were still in a position to chuckle constantly over status incongruities like driving to a black-tie dinner at the French embassy in our rusted-out 1972 Ford.

In short, while there were lots of people in Washington who had more money, they couldn't make us feel deprived. In a strange way, it's because Washington is an upper-middle-class version of the wholesome American small town, in which free parks and good public schools can make life comfortable for people who don't have much money. Washington takes people who are a few notches up the financial scale—bureaucrats, journalists, and (a notch further up) lawyers—and makes them feel like kings.

Eighteen months ago, Meryl and I moved to Manhattan. We now have better jobs, earn roughly 30 percent more money, and, in the process, have tumbled down four social class levels. Part of the problem was, quite simply, our profession. In Manhattan, journalists are roughly on a social par with dentists—and I find myself at least two social notches beneath the nice people on Madison Avenue who charge me $30 for a haircut. Even in the get-me-rewrite days when journalism was a blue-collar profession—and every reporter owed six weeks' salary to the local gin mill—there was always the heady satisfaction of knowing secrets denied to mere mortals. But in Manhattan, I have discovered to my chagrin that I know the wrong secrets. Political gossip has as much social cachet as explaining the theory behind a successful Tupperware party. At parties, I would find myself pontificating about Mondale to an empty room, while three investment bankers were huddled in a corner playing my-deal-is-bigger-than-your-deal. The only gossip that seemed to matter revolved around who was paid $500,000 to stay after American Express took over Lehman Brothers.

What made the status deprivation so painful was, of course, the financial shortfall that accompanied it. I'll admit that there are still ways to live in New York for not much money, apart from being on welfare. If you're that ambitious young actor or poet, and you're so driven to break into the big time in the Big Apple that you'll wait tables and live in a tenth-floor walk-up and eat all your meals at McDonald's, Manhattan can be a hell of a bargain. New York is different from Muncie, and always has been, precisely because it has those people. But didn't there used to be room for others, too—people who weren't starry-eyed and in their twenties and ready to view any indignity as part of the grand adventure? There's not much room for them now. Manhattan's version of the bargain life gets harder to face when you're over 30—and let's not even talk about having kids. I figure that it has cost Meryl and me $30,000 a year, before taxes, to indulge my two Damn Its: 1) Damn it, I'm entitled to live in Manhattan; and 2) Damn it, I'm 37 years old, and I will live like an adult.

Gotham jitters

Nothing comes cheap in New York, but the price of real estate is what drives everything else up. It's hard to know why real estate keeps soaring in New York when it's been flat in Los Angeles and Washington. Part of the reason must be rent control, which has held the prices of some apartments so ridiculously low that it's pushed the uncontrolled part of the market out of sight. It doesn't help that Manhattan is an island, physically as well as spiritually, and can't get lebensraum by annexing big vacant counties on every side, as Houston and Dallas have done. Things that other people take for granted—quiet, for example, or sunlight shining into your room—are extras in New York. The fear of crime translates into higher prices for buildings with more doormen and extra locks. It's hard to prove the case, but everyone *feels* the pressure from the "Eurotrash," who land at Kennedy with trunks jammed with francs and lire and immediately bid up the price of co-ops.

I'm not sure of all the reasons, but life in New York has become so expensive (people who make $50,000 a year and have kids are practically below the poverty line) that money has become *the* theme of Manhattan life. And that, in turn, has created a panicked mentality that only drives the real estate market up more. (Panic is what the obsession with the Eurotrash is largely about.) New York is always at least slightly nervous about something, and for the past few years money has been its obsession and fear.

Whatever has been going on in New York has driven away most people who aren't truly upper class—and I mean in the sense of money, not family name. Most of those who remain have seen money come to dominate their lives. For all I know, the same thing may be happening in Palm Springs or Newport. I don't care. It's more important in New York. Even though you're tired

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of hearing it from New Yorkers, it *is* the financial and cultural capital of the world, the center of intellectual life and mass communications. If Washington's milder insanities can have such a distorting effect on its actions, what damage will New York's money mania work?

"What's an IRT?"

Inescapable fact of life: Manhattan is filled with people who are raking in obscene sums of money. Envy is rampant because compensation seems to bear such scant connection with justice. An "underpaid" lawyer—on Wall Street of all places—was recently lamenting "those damn kids, barely out of high school who don't even talk proper English, but because they're good with numbers, they're making $200,000 to $300,000 a year on the floor of the exchange." My favorite the-rich-are-different story is about a friend who was doing a deal with an investment banker at an old-line firm that even Henry James might find suffocatingly High WASP. When my friend accidentally dropped a subway token on the rug, the man from High WASP said, in total seriousness, "What's that? A foreign coin? Have you been abroad recently?" I find it ironic (no, the right word is "painful") that the first counterpart from my radical days on *The Michigan Daily* to be lovingly profiled in *Esquire* was Bruce Wasserstein, "the billion-dollar merger maestro." I stuck with journalism—and now live paycheck to paycheck. Wasserstein, the 35-year-old godfather behind dozens of nonproductive mergers, gets a Park Avenue apartment and the sobriquet, "a new kind of American prince."

Don't get me wrong, Washington should not be mistaken for Cannery Row. Senior partners at law firms like Covington & Burling don't have to augment their incomes by addressing envelopes at home. But I'd guess there are a dozen 25-year-olds on Wall Street who earned more last year than Clark Clifford. Big money in Washington usually comes only after a generation of assiduous ticket-punching: the right law school, the right clerkship, six or seven years piling up those billable hours as an associate, and then a series of further indignities as a junior partner. Even high-priced lobbyists weren't born with a full Rolodex—it takes years in the vineyards of politics to assemble all those names and telephone numbers. In Washington, Frank Mankiewicz is now viewed with a mixture of sadness and scorn because at age 60 he seemingly has abandoned his liberal principles to take a job paying an estimated $100,000 a year with Robert Gray and Company, the megavoltage lobbying firm that resides in a building called The Powerhouse. By Manhattan standards, that's a paltry price for a soul. Merrill Lynch has been laying off stockbrokers as nonproductive losers because they earn less than $80,000 a year.

As Michael Kinsley has pointed out, New York

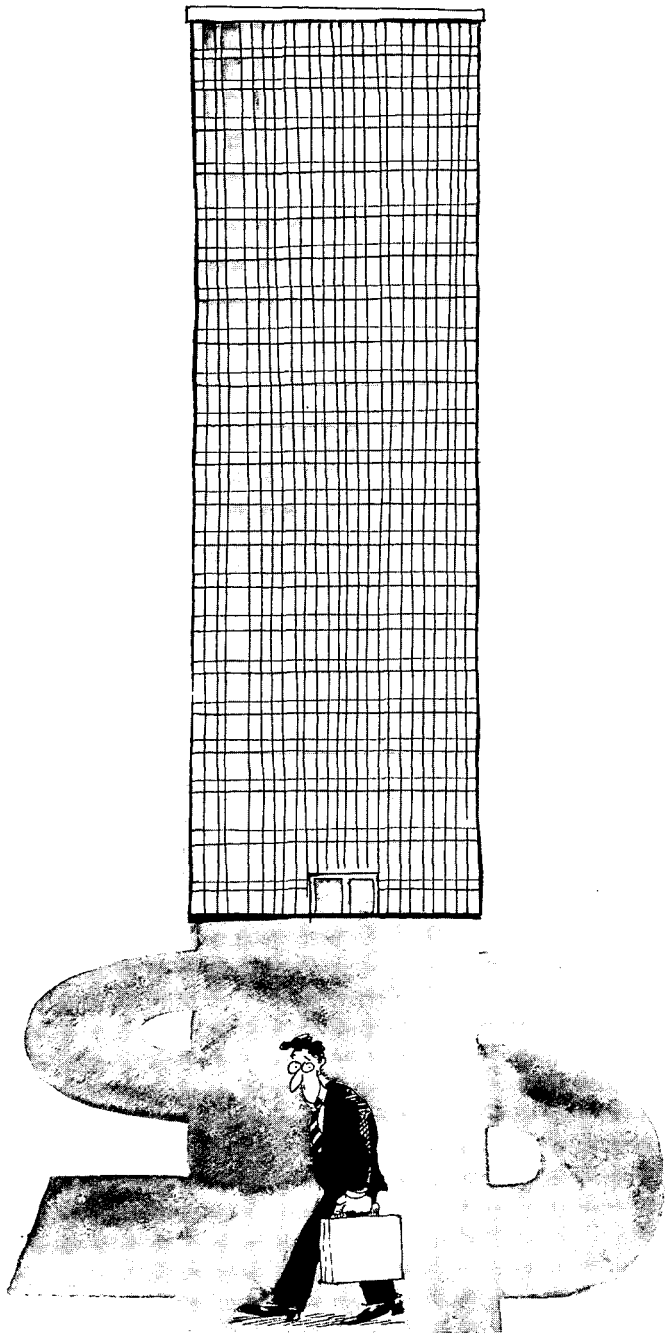


Illustration by Andy Meyer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the ultimate "grandfather-clause society," where those who are protected by rent control (like an uncle who pays about $400 a month for a six-room apartment right off Fifth Avenue) or who bought at the bottom of the market in 1975 today can live a Georgetown life on GS-11 salaries. The arrogance of those who have been grandfathered in is breathtaking. At a dinner party just days after our arrival in Manhattan, we had to patiently endure the complaints of one such couple, who found their eight-room co-op "too cramped for words." Recently, I listened quietly while two friends discussed the deficiencies of an apartment on Central Park West selling for $875,000. By the time they finished dissecting its faults, even I didn't want to live there: two dark and dreary bedrooms, no charm, and only a sixth-floor view of the park.

It is tempting to compare Manhattan's real estate prices to those of California. But there is a big difference—financing. California is the home of the leveraged deal—the 10 percent downpayment that you can translate into a $350,000 tract home, which leaves you moaning in the Jacuzzi about your mortgage. Prices may be comparable in Manhattan, but a seat at the settlement table requires an infinitely higher downpayment. Through a mysterious conspiracy between New York banks and co-op boards (whose admissions standards would put Yale Law School's to shame), 25 percent has been decreed as the minimum downpayment. Reputedly, most Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue apartments are now what is called in the trade "all-cash buildings"—that means that co-op boards will reject as tenants anyone who is so financially shaky they require a mortgage. (According to *New York* magazine, a would-be tenant in Trump Tower took the phrase "all-cash building" literally: he showed up to see an apartment carrying suitcases crammed with $1,000 bills.) Even on the West Side, the 25 percent downpayment requirement was enough to shunt us right on to the rental market. The up-front cash required for a small two-bedroom apartment was more than the total purchase price of either of our parents' homes. When we bravely confided the total amount of our assets to a real-estate broker, she snapped, "You have parents, don't you? Borrow from them."

Luckily, the free market has begun to respond to the cries of the middle-class in distress. *The New York Times* real estate section recently showcased the arrival of "East Side Affordables;" a kind-hearted developer was rehabilitating a turn-of-the-century tenement at Second Avenue and 96th Street where gourmet pasta shops give way to the bodegas of Spanish Harlem. The purchase price of the new co-ops was indeed affordable—$85,000 for the standard one-bedroom. There was one catch: each of these walk-up apartments measured exactly 350 square feet, and the developer was lowering the ceilings to squeeze six floors into the formerly five-story tenement.

As a well-connected journalist in Washington, I reveled in the reverse snobbery of my 1972 station wagon and Adams-Morgan apartment. But 18 months in Manhattan has laden me with a laundry list of *I wants* and *I needs*.

As Meryl and I began the long search for a doorman building to call our own, we quickly learned the three ironclad rules of the Manhattan real-estate game: 1) Rental apartments are priced like taxicabs—$1,000 for the first square foot, $1 for each additional square foot; 2) Contrary to myth, there are no bargain rent-controlled apartments left; a major New York developer confided that even he had failed to find one for his mother-in-law; 3) Don't assume anything that isn't clearly stated in the newspaper ads: if it doesn't mention a dining room or closets, they're probably not there.

The Serpent and the Big Apple

I don't know whether the Labor Department has caught on yet, but apartment brokering is one of the growth professions of the 1980s. Never heard of an apartment broker? Neither had we until we moved to Manhattan. Apartment brokers illustrate the age-old principle that if there is a scarce commodity some middleman will step in to allocate it for a fee. These brokers will find you an apartment, but only in exchange for 15 percent of a year's rent. The ethics of this burgeoning profession are about what you'd expect: apartment brokers gleefully took us to see a new building that they were also advertising in *The New York Times*.

To convey the current flavor of the rental market in Manhattan, I visited a just-opened high-rise at Broadway and 87th Street preten-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tiously called "The Montana" (an adman's effort to conjure up an association with the fabled "Dakota," about a mile away). This is a nice neighborhood (we now live just a block away), but it is not a prestige address, one apt to appeal to minor Saudi princes or Eurotrash. Instead, the multicolored sales brochure explains that The Montana has been "thoughtfully created to provide the ideal rental residence for professionals and young New York families." You get the idea: a starter apartment with plasterboard walls and low, sprayed stucco ceilings. The rent: about $2,400 a month for a decent-sized two-bedroom, river views, of course, extra. That works out to $28,400 a year in rent—a bit above the median income for American families.

Thanks to patience and fortitude—and a hefty four-figure check to an apartment broker—we lucked into the Upper West Side apartment of our dreams. True, the landmark building does have a small peculiarity: a particularly vicious ongoing battle between the rent-control tenants and the landlord that apparently dates to the LaGuardia administration. We are scab tenants paying market rents, veritable Pinkertons in a building filled with rent-striking Joe Hills. We moved in amid the glare of television lights: the tenants' association was holding a curbside press conference to decry the landlord's latest affront to their litigious sensibilities. It is embarrassing enough to explain to our Depression-era parents—let alone to the readers of this magazine—precisely what we pay in rent. Suffice it to say, that by leaving Washington our monthly payments went up 170 percent. But friends constantly reassure us that we have A Great Deal—an original lease protected in perpetuity by New York's rent stabilization program.

In Manhattan, space is at a premium, and that affects everything, not just real estate. A woman friend of ours has a square-footage theory of life: 400 square feet to live alone, 600 to sustain a relationship, 800 for a marriage, and 1,000 for the first child. Tables in expensive restaurants are jammed together damask napkin-to-damask napkin in a gastronomic replica of the subway. I've become obsessed with finding a pleasant place to swim. There are health clubs galore, but the pools have the size, the look, and the feel of freight elevators. It's the old square footage problem again: an empty lane in an Olympic-sized pool is about the size of an $85,000 apartment on 96th Street. It is not accidental that the only truly full-sized pool in Manhattan is in a health club attached to a subsidized apartment complex for artists.

This around-the-clock claustrophobia, of course, creates new needs and new expenses. Even in Washington, we thought the notion of a summer house was ridiculous; we chuckled at the wedding announcements that mentioned homes in Bala Cynwyd and Bar Harbor. But after two steaming summers in Manhattan, we were ready to crack. One desperate Sunday in August, we set out for Westchester County like Okies fleeing the Dust Bowl. After three hours of aimless driving, we finally convinced a 17-year-old security guard to let us cool off in a residents-only community pool in Mount Kisco. It was the highlight of the summer.

Virtually everything worth having in New York is rationed by either money, waiting in line, or social class. Let me explain the last category. Cafe Luxembourg is a Haut Trendy West Side restaurant that boasts excellent food, surprisingly reasonable prices, and the dubious allure of dining in the same room with Andy Warhol. But unless I'm opening on Broadway, or closing the discos, I can't book a table for 8:30 even if I call two weeks in advance. That's social class rationing, and it applies to everything from ballet tickets to taxis. Yes, taxis. I'm often forced to take the subway home at night because, even though I'd gladly pay a hackie $5 to drive me 2.8 miles, I can't get a cab in Midtown during the evening rush hour. There are empty cabs on the street, but they are all flashing "on radio call." Radio calls are reserved for blue-chip corporate accounts, so even the simple act of trying to flag down a cab is a reminder that in Manhattan—for all my seeming success—I am very much a second-class citizen.

Enough whining. That's what 18 months in Manhattan has done to me. In Washington, I never doubted my choice of journalism as a profession. But Manhattan has laden me with a laundry list of *I wants* and *I needs*. Most of what I covet—like the summer house on the ocean—will always be beyond my reach as a journalist. Suddenly, I've begun to wonder whether during the 1960s I wasn't too self-righteous about rejecting money as a factor in choosing a career. I don't deny the intangible satisfactions of journalism—the ego rewards, the excitement, and the continuing sense of moral purpose. But Manhattan has left me brooding about whether these are enough to sustain a lifetime—or whether I'm the last sucker in a world of Bruce Wassersteins. Maybe that says something about me. But it says more about Manhattan. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lessons of the Great Society

by Phillip Keisling

Charles Murray has written an important book,* one that may provide as much ideological grist for Ronald Reagan's second term as George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* did for the first.

Murray's thesis will come as no surprise to anyone familiar with Gilder's book or with Reagan's unguarded asides: the social welfare programs of the past 20 years have hurt the poor, not helped them. Murray's prescription is also familiar. Let parents choose their children's schools through vouchers. Abolish all affirmative action programs and laws. And (this is obviously more radical) eliminate most of the federal government's social welfare programs. Murray's rationale for this latter proposal is a variation on the premise of supply-side economics: even the poor will benefit from getting less help from the government.

Don't be misled, however, by Murray's apparent mean-spiritedness. A sociologist by profession, he is no intellectual slouch; his book is clearly argued, well-documented, and marked by stretches of pungent writing. Nor can his argument be dismissed as easily as most liberals would like. In fact—no small irony here, though ultimately a welcome one—the fallacy of his solution can only be revealed once Murray's critics concede much of his case.

Murray's instinct for conventional liberals' intellectual jugular is sure and swift. He argues persuasively that the "Society Is to Blame" theology which became fashionable in the mid-1960s (especially with regard to poor blacks) has harmed those it sought to assist. This rationale was marshalled on behalf of leniency for cold-blooded, vicious criminals—whose victims were disproportionately poor, black, and law-abiding. It was used by those who urged "understanding" and automatic promotion of low-achieving and disruptive students—an approach that lowered classroom expectations and academic standards, thereby victimizing most those poor children who sought a decent education to escape the ghetto. Murray provides another example, from his own field: black sociologists who leapfrog to managerial positions as a result of affirmative action dictates, never to realize their full potential because they are deprived of the traditional apprenticeship period that would give them a solid grounding in basic research techniques.

The relativism that naturally followed from this approach—"all the poor are equally deserving"—resulted in making those who adhered to old rules and values (marry your girlfriend if she becomes pregnant; a low-status job is better than none) feel like suckers. And in refusing to make distinctions, in shielding the poor from reasonable standards of judgment, the condescension of affluent whites towards blacks didn't disappear, Murray argues. It merely changed form.

Murray bolsters his brief against misguided liberal policies with a troubling array of statistical evidence. The incidence of poverty dropped steadily from 1950 to around 1968—and then leveled off. ("Latent poverty," a useful term Murray has coined to describe the number of poor there would be if there were no government aid programs, is slightly higher today than it was in 1968.) The gap between the proportion of white and black males with jobs was negligible through 1966—and then increased dramatically as many young blacks failed to enter the work force. Likewise, the gap in achievement scores for black and white students seemed to be narrowing through 1965; today, after desegregation, busing, and billions of dollars in compensatory education, it is widening. And while many blacks made impressive gains during this period—seen in the increase in black college graduates and managers—the crime rate in black

Phillip Keisling is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

**Losing Ground: American Social Policy, 1950-1980.* Basic Books, $23.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neighborhoods exploded. Meanwhile, the incidence of illegitimate births among blacks tripled to 55 percent. These distressing trends, Murray argues, are the *opposite* of what one would expect from an expanding economy, dramatic progress in civil rights, and burgeoning social programs.

Stiffing the poor

Though most of his analysis rests on an implicit criticism of the response of young black males to Great Society programs, it would be unfair to dismiss Murray as a racist. More revealing is the fact that Murray shows no particular insight into the "black culture" he focuses on. Murray apparently conducted extensive field research for his book, yet almost none of it is evident here. Indeed, a reader gets the distinct impression that Murray's understanding of the black community resulted in large part from a walk through an inner-city neighborhood one afternoon, as he nervously clutched his wallet while warily eyeing the young men on the street corner sipping cans of Schlitz Bull.

This sense leads the reader to the book's most conspicuous flaw. The thoroughness of Murray's statistical work is matched by a comparable neglect of some obvious, and important, reporting. If welfare programs really undermine the poor's ability to help themselves, wouldn't it be even more evident in West European welfare states that are far more generous than ours? Murray offers no such comparison. He dedicates his book to the social workers he's known who "did not succeed nearly as often as they deserved." But if these friends in the field had insights to share, they're not evident here. And one needn't call on the omni-quoted Thomas Sowell—Jesse Jackson would do just fine—to find blacks who agree that attitudes regarding marriage, homework, and employment have changed for the worse within the black community, simultaneous with the expansion of the welfare state. Why doesn't Murray reinforce his case with their views?

The answer, one soon suspects, involves more than Murray's occupational preference for numbers-crunching. To make these comparisons or draw on these resources would run the risk of drawing attention to some serious flaws in his analysis. For a closer examination reveals that much of Murray's argument depends on ignoring some highly inconvenient facts, and, on occasion, resorting to some deliberate distortions.

For example, in his preface Murray notes that "civilian social welfare costs increased by 20 times from 1950 to 1980, in constant dollars." The implication, which Murray does nothing to dispel, is that the federal government has lavished vast sums of money on the poor. Yet, as Michael Harrington (a Murray antagonist, it must be said) demonstrates in his recent book, *The New American Poverty*, the majority of that money has not gone to the poor. Instead it has financed the expansion of entitlement programs that primarily benefit the middle class, among them Social Security, Medicare, and veterans' benefits.

Meanwhile, the public has been conspicuously *stingy* with respect to the poor. The government's largest "means-tested" welfare program, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, consumes less than 1 percent of the federal budget. And in the last eight years, AFDC payments have dropped more than 15 percent, after accounting for inflation. As for Medicaid, last year half of its $20 billion went to the elderly, whose nursing home care is not covered by Medicare.

Murray's analysis is faulty in other key respects. He praises the New Deal's approach of tying government assistance to work—a "hand, not a handout," he remarks approvingly—then excoriates federal jobs programs like CETA in his roll call of Great Society sins. (Once welfare is abolished, the suddenly renewed work ethic is expected to create jobs in and of itself.) He endorses vouchers after (rightly) flogging liberals for their role in aiding and abetting bad public schools. Yet the wise use of vouchers depends on conscientious parents; contrary to his blithe assurances, children without such parents will be decidedly worse off, left behind in inner-city schools which will decay faster than ever. And one more key omission: Murray conspicuously fails to concede the widely documented success of food stamps in reducing hunger—to the point where Ed Meese claims to have trouble finding evidence of it.

The flaws in Murray's argument are most evident in the book's second half. At this point the statistics—which, for all their impersonality, reflect the actions of real people—give way to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that favorite refuge of the speculative sociologist: the hypothetical composite. "Harold and Phyllis," for example, an unemployed man and his pregnant girlfriend, are used to illustrate how changes in AFDC eligibility rules and benefits now encourage couples who once sought honest work to go on the government dole. Such composites often hold much truth, but they also tend to embrace the economist's fallacy that people always act in a "rational" fashion to "maximize their utility." But *homo economicus* is a rare species, as even liberals have discovered. A good example: when the Reagan administration eliminated a provision aimed at encouraging AFDC recipients to work (the $30 and one-third disregard, for those interested in such lacunae) because it also put many working poor on the welfare rolls, liberals protested that this would encourage people to stay on welfare and undermine the work ethic. The argument assumed wholly "rational" behavior, as Murray does. It was also wrong, as the subsequent drop in welfare recipients proved.

According to Murray's logic, states like Mississippi, which could never be accused of coddling the poor (a mother of two children receives just $96 a month in AFDC and $183 in food stamps), should be havens for a robust work ethic and strong family values. It just ain't so. Mississippi's poor are simply more miserable than those living in, say, Calfornia. And that raises a possibility anathema to Murray and other neoconservatives: just as we may have "lost" the Vietnam war because we did too little to win it, might we have "lost" the War on Poverty for exactly the same reason?

Indeed, most of Murray's valid evidence could be used to justify a much different conclusion. For example, the last two decades were not only distinguished by dramatic gains in civil rights, economic growth, and government assistance programs; they were also marked by a calamitous decline in the quality of public schools. Yet by Murray's own logic, might not this countervailing trend—which disproportionately affected blacks in inner-city schools—be the real villain, more than wiping out the gains from Great Society programs?

Then there's Murray's complaint of "wasteful" social spending. A far worse culprit than the $250 AFDC payment to a teenage mother with no skills is the $600-a-month Social Security check that entices an experienced, prosperous worker to retire early (talk about undermining the work ethic!) and go on a Mediterranean cruise. As Mancur Olson has pointed out [see "What We Lose When the Rich Go on the Dole," January], when the rich tap into the welfare state, the productivity loss to society is greater than when the poor do.

If we were serious about redirecting government resources to only the deserving, we would combine the current panoply of programs with a social welfare purpose, from Social Security to food stamps, into a single insurance program against need. This would lower taxes for the middle class, which now taxes itself heavily to pay itself back. (This in turn presumably would spur economic growth, *à la* Gilder's formula.) Most important, it would allow us to spend more on those poor who now receive such paltry amounts that "cheating" is all but required to survive.

This amounts to a guaranteed annual income. Murray opposes the concept and examines several "negative income tax" experiments conducted by the former Department of Health, Education and Welfare that concluded such guarantees undermine the work ethic. But why not make a few amendments to meet Murray's legitimate criticisms?

Promoting the work ethic would be simple: all able-bodied recipients could be required to take a government job in exchange for assistance. There's plenty of work waiting to be done, from repairing our decaying infrastructure to augmenting badly needed social services for the elderly, the mentally ill, and others. Mothers with preschool children, however, should be exempt; Murray's belief that they should work full-time would deprive poor children of one of the few advantages they now enjoy: the care and attention of a full-time parent. (Murray's insensitivity to women and children in this regard is matched by his uncritical attitude toward unemployment insurance, by which single men—who typically receive as much as fathers of five children—can easily arrange a "lay-off" to finance a vacation in Florida.) As for illegitimate children, a woman who's had, say, three such children should be told to support the next child on her own. This isn't "genetic engineering" or "interfering with reproduction rights," as some might suggest—it's just common sense.

As Murray himself notes, reformers too often have made eligibility standards too broad or sunk into paralysis in their vain search for a "perfectly fair" welfare system. The goal is finding the best of flawed alternatives. But as Murray also observes, real progress can come only if basic values change as well. This is a key point, and one that an increasing number of black sociologists, journalists, and politicians are now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expounding. The black family *is* deteriorating in our inner cities; pointing this out was a heresy for which Daniel Patrick Moynihan was excoriated nearly two decades ago. Black students *should* be held more accountable in school, subjected to higher expectations and taught that "failure can be dealt with," as Murray puts it. Racial discrimination *doesn't* fully explain why corner grocery stores in black neighborhoods are too often owned and operated by Vietnamese immigrants rather than local black entrepreneurs. Incompetent (but often black) teachers may be a far better explanation of poor performance on aptitude tests than "cultural bias."

Yet it is precisely because Murray is so right about the importance of values—a point liberals instinctively recoil from—that his prescription is ultimately so wrong. Simply abolishing AFDC, food stamps, housing assistance, and other programs, thereby forcing the poor to rely on the good will of private charity and local government, does nothing to address this central problem. Rather, it promises an effect opposite from what Murray (and the rest of us) want. It would vastly increase those feelings of alienation that already are among the poor's worst enemies. That, in turn, would lead to greater fear and resentment of the poor by middle-class taxpayers, further alienating the races and widening, not narrowing, the gap between social classes. Worst of all, entirely removing the frayed social safety net would confirm the worst fears of the working poor, who are struggling to escape poverty and, more often than not, succeeding. (Remember, the average AFDC recipient relies on the program for less than two years.) Murray's prescription isn't simply "more stick, less carrot," as he benignly characterizes it. It's sink or swim in shark-infested waters.

Like many neoconservatives, Murray says much that should—but too often doesn't—give liberals pause. But he makes the same mistake he berates liberals for—over-simplifying their points and refusing to recognize the truth in their arguments. For example, he portrays the "paradigm shift" from seeking "equality of opportunity" to an insistence on "equality of result" that he says led to the "Society Is to Blame" rationale portrayed here as a sudden wave of insanity that came to dominate the "elite wisdom" circa 1967. But this new emphasis wasn't quite as invidious or irresponsible as Murray suggests; the traditional formulation of "equal opportunity" was somewhat facile, much like the old saw that the rich and poor will be punished equally for sleeping under public bridges. What can reasonably be expected of children who are learning-disabled due to low birthweight or bad nutrition, of students who are too terrified by crime in their neighborhood to pay attention in class, of young adults who cannot hold a steady job because of some immutable genetic defect that affects the chemical balance in their brains? The antidotes liberals designed often were wasteful (CETA, Model Cities) or even counterproductive (busing, bilingual education). But the underlying goal—to prevent children from having to pay for the sins and unfortunate circumstances of their parents—must be recognized as legitimate.

Murray's evidence clearly shows why government programs need a complete overhaul. To this end he offers some constructive suggestions that are worthy of debate. For example, making all education in America from kindergarten to graduate school completely free, with admission determined by performance on entrance examinations. And Murray's injunction to focus more attention on promoting values such as hard work, family, and achievement, is one that liberals must embrace as well. (An encouraging sign was Governor Mario Cuomo's speech to the Democratic convention.) But government must still provide the bedrock on which to build an effective social policy, or else those efforts will prove ineffective. It is unfortunate that Murray, like so many other neoconservatives, lets his antipathy toward government so blind his judgment that he sees it only as *the* problem—and not as a necessary part of the solution. ■

California and the American Tax Revolt
Proposition 13 Five Years Later
Terry Schwadron, Editor
Paul Richter, Principal Writer
Introduction & Conclusion by Jack Citrin
The most serious attempt to date to determine what the tax revolt has done for and to this bellwether state. Every major form of public service is considered, and an attempt is made to track the billions of tax dollars saved. Finally the tax movement is placed in historical and philosophical context and compared with actions in other states. $19.95 cloth, $6.95 paperback

Reapportionment Puzzle
by Bruce E. Cain
Cain examines the politics, methods, and philosophy of reapportionment, combining theoretical insights with his own experience as consultant to the California Assembly's Election and Reapportionment Committee. $24.50

University of California Press
Berkeley 94720

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES

◆

Lesson no. 1: Do not order Manischewitz with the rognons de veau dijonnaise

According to an article on "power lunching" in *Washington Woman* magazine, Harvard and Stanford now offer law and business graduates noncredit courses in how to read French menus, order wines, and "cultivate" restaurants.

■

Benefits may continue, however, if you were a sole surviving spouse

The Iowa Department of Human Services sent a letter of notification saying, "Your medical assistance is canceled beginning 9/24/84 because of your death."

■

After that, he asked if he could go potty

During a campaign stop at a McDonalds in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, President Reagan asked his aides, "What am I supposed to order?"

■

Remember the rising tide that was going to lift all boats?

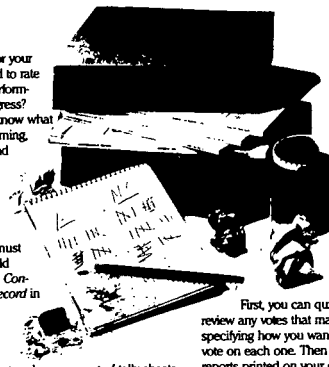
"See how tax law changes can get you a yacht for almost nothing!" proclaims an envelope containing a brochure from Nor Cal Yachts of Alameda, California. The brochure describes "a charter yacht's eligibility for such benefits as Investment Tax Credit, Depreciation under the New Accelerated Cost Recovery System, as well as deductions for all operating expenses such as berthing and insurance."

Coming Next: Root Canal Futures

The Long Island University Institute for Continuing Education has advertised in the *Journal of the American Dental Association* offering a course on "How to Increase, Revitalize, and Inflation-Proof Your Practice through TMJ." TMJ, temporomandibular joint syndrome, is a jaw malady that in most cases is psychologically—not physically—roo

Do you give your PAC dollars to men who agree with you...

"Let's see, he voted NO on this one, and we were opposed to the amendment, so his NO vote was favorable to us... or was it?"



Have you or your staff ever tried to rate the voting performance of Congress?

If so, you know what a time-consuming, frustrating, and error-prone chore it can be.

It's No Fun

First, you must go through old copies of the *Congressional Record* in search of recorded votes that relate to your interest. Then you must make some sort of tally sheets to keep score.

And when you have all the tallies added up, rechecked, and percentaged, what if some of your best "friends" turn out to have rather low ratings? Do you have time to recalculate the ratings with different votes?

Because of the effort, time, and expense, moreover, there is a tendency to base your ratings on eight or ten votes (out of almost 2,000 in each house during a typical Congress) or to rely on published ratings that may not reflect your special interests. So you're probably not getting a fair picture of members' positions.

We Make It Easy

It's all much easier with LEGI-SLATE, our computer-based service that contains all votes from the start of the 96th Congress in 1979.

First, you can quickly locate and review any votes that may impact your affairs, specifying how you wanted the members to vote on each one. Then you get instant, private reports printed on your office terminal showing ratings for all members.

And if the ratings didn't turn out as expected, simply add or delete votes and get a revised rating report—all in a matter of minutes.

Free Demonstration

Please call today to arrange a time when we can meet to demonstrate how you can use LEGI-SLATE to produce ratings of voting performance—instantly, privately, and tailored to your special interests.

LEGI-SLATE

111 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W. • Washington, D.C. 20001 • 202-898-2300

An ideal Christmas gift for that very special interest group in your life.

◆

He's promoting a bond issue to build a strip mine nearby

Calvin Black, a county commissioner in San Juan County, Utah, is supporting a proposal to build a nuclear waste dump next to the Canyonlands National Park. In his view, such a dump would be a tourist attraction; he told *The Washington Post* that the Three-Mile Island nuclear plant has drawn more tourists than has Canyonlands since Pennsylvania's near-disaster in 1979.

◆

Dick advised that Dulles not carry any ID

President Eisenhower once wrote his secretary of state, John Foster Dulles, asking if he could arrange the importation of a few dozen cases of his favorite French white wine "without the need for paying duty," the *New York Post* reported. Eisenhower added that he would be "horribly embarrassed" if the arrangement became public, but that the potential savings on custom duties were so great that he wanted it done if it could be done "quietly."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

‹e Washington Monthly

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY

[redacted]

'he Washington Monthly
711 Connecticut Ave. N.W.
'ashington, D.C. 20009

'lease enter Christmas gift ubscriptions in my name for the ›ersons below.

☐ my payment of $ _____ is enclosed

☐ bill me $ _____

Charge my
☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard

$ _____

Card number _____

Signature _____

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ame _____
ddress _____
ty _____ State _____ Zip _____

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ame _____
ddress _____
ty _____ State _____ Zip _____
rom:
ame _____
reet _____
ty _____ State _____ Zip _____
gn gift card _____

From:
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Sign gift card _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL BOOKNOTES

Deadly Gambits. Strobe Talbott. *Knopf, $17.95.* This is the book Walter Mondale mentioned not once but twice in the second presidential debate. It's easy to see why he felt moved enough by what he read to try to share it. *Deadly Gambits* is terrifying. It seems to shatter the best hope of a second Reagan administration—that Reagan's toughness could allow him to win domestic approval for an arms control agreement, in the same way that only Nixon could get away with opening the door to China.

But what if Nixon had thought Chou En-lai was a Chinese appetizer and Kissinger's staff had been made up of ardent Sinophobes? The combination of Reagan's stupefying ignorance of important details and the total opposition to any arms control by major figures within the administration make the prospect of an agreement look grim. With reporting that is superbly detailed, especially considering that many of the principals still hold office, Talbott shows how arms control policy is formulated at the *third* echelon of government. Richard Perle reports to Fred Ikle, who reports to Caspar Weinberger, who reports to the president, yet Talbott shows that it's Perle who calls the tune. It's clear from this book that until he leaves government there can be no arms control—period.

As usual within a bureaucracy, Perle's power is mostly negative—to kill some policy initiative or try to screw his adversary at State, Richard Burt (who plays his own set of games). Because Perle's superiors often don't have his technical understanding they have a hard time arguing with Perle that yes, it really is "safe" to make concessions in this area or that. Even people with technical understanding plus hawk credentials that go back 40 years run into a brick wall. You know things are serious when Paul Nitze is portrayed as a dove. Talbott proves that Nitze's "walk in the woods" agreement—a genuine breakthrough—was sabotaged in Washington as well as Moscow, Reagan's debate denials notwithstanding.

If Reagan makes a big point of stressing arms control, won't his people fall into line? Not necessarily. The president may be a strong leader in the country and the world, but he is apparently a horribly weak leader within his own administration. The reason the bureaucratic squabbles outlined in the book are so fierce—and so important—is that they are where the whole ballgame is played. The president doesn't really participate. When he does sit in on critical meetings, he doodles. No one should expect a president to know all technical details, but he might be expected to know, for instance, that the names attached to Soviet missiles (SS-18, SS-19, etc.) are names given by the United States. Because he is so poorly informed—and probably knows it—he is a sucker for the rejectionist view. This book is depressing and essential.

—Jonathan Alter

Heading Home. Paul Tsongas. *Knopf, $14.95.* This is the story of Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas's discovery that he has cancer and of his decision not to run for an assured second term but to return to his hometown of Lowell with his family.

Tsongas's dispassionate style, which made him less than compelling as a political figure, serves him well in this straightforward and often moving book.

He writes with little self-pity of the terrifying wait, after he finds a lump in his groin, for the dreaded diagnosis; of the agonizing tests a cancer patient must endure—one required him to be conscious while doctors drilled into the bone marrow of his hip; and of the despair he felt when he wondered if he would live long enough for his two-year-old daughter to have memories of him.

Blessedly, he sticks to the personal story, mentioning only in passing the more "important" events that are being dealt with in the Senate. But he does give a schedule of a typical 15-hour day on a trip back home. (If you're a senator, home is the place where, when you're asked to make a speech, you have to go.) Perhaps the endless series of speeches and appearances really serves to convince a few more people of his views. However, this routine day in a senator's life seems more an exercise in proving how many places a warm body can be trotted out in a 24-hour period.

In Tsongas's decision not to run again is the implicit assumption that this is the way things have to be. One wonders if our politicians wouldn't be more effective if instead of measuring accomplishment as a function of motion or of the number of substitute amendments introduced, their lives allowed them time for reflection, thought, and family.

Things being as they are, however, Tsongas makes a strong case that a senator can't run for reelection (even when it's an almost sure thing) and also take seriously his role as a father, and that his decision to retire was the right one. Additionally, he accomplishes a rare thing for a politician: he draws a portrait of his wife as an interesting person in whom he is interested—even though she doesn't have a paying job!

The book ends with some optimism. While there is no cure for the form of cancer Tsongas has, it is fairly mild and potentially controllable. Tsongas concludes by writing of the sense of rebirth his diagnosis has given him. Unlike the recent parade of self-righteous politicians each promising they are more reborn than thou, Tsongas's description of his spiritual renewal is both dignified and somehow, in spite of his putting it between hard covers, ultimately private.

—Emily Yoffe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Liberal Crack-Up. R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. *Simon & Schuster, $16.95.* Tyrrell considers feminists, homosexuals, civil rights activists, environmentalists, consumerists, and peace advocates foolish. He considers anyone he doesn't like foolish, loutish, or doltish. He uses those words a lot because they sound good, and, since he has so many groups and individuals to attack, they save space, argument, and thought.

Tyrrell has the reputation—and not just in conservative circles—of being a funny writer. But he's a one-gag comedian, and the joke is getting old. Nonconservatives read Tyrrell because he writes the way they think Mencken wrote. Tyrrell has obviously read Mencken closely. But the result is like those low-budget one-character plays cribbed from the writings of some famous politician or writer, which tend to caricature more than they characterize. The complexity, sweep, and contradictions of the personality are lost in the flow of one-liners, epigrams, and portentous quotations.

Thus we find Tyrrell adopting the glissandi of colorful adjectives and obscure nouns and even some of Mencken's favorite targets, such as the Anti-Saloon League. But there is little of the meat of Mencken—his solid reportage and perceptive observations. Tyrrell has learned from Mencken the rhetoric of nastiness and ridicule but displays none of Mencken's redeeming passion for life.

Mencken, too, displayed far more ecumenicalism in his rampages than does Tyrrell, who has all the flexibility of a party hack. In this book, Ronald Reagan, the satirist's dream, is passed over as "more committed to a body of principles than any American president in 50 years." Even if Mencken, were he alive today, had voted for Reagan as the lesser fool, he would have never let him get off so easily in print.

—*Sam Smith*

Prophets of Regulation. Thomas K. McCraw. *Harvard University Press, $20.* McCraw focuses on four figures who loom large in the annals of regulation: Charles Francis Adams—scion of the Adams family, creator and commissioner of the nation's first regulatory body (the Massachusetts railroad commission); Louis D. Brandeis—the self-proclaimed "people's lawyer" who played a major role in the formation of the FTC; James Landis—the New Deal wunderkind and Harvard law dean who served as an early SEC commissioner and CAB chief; and Alfred Kahn—the Groucho Marx of the Carter administration who led the deregulation movement as head of the CAB.

The emphasis on these four individuals gives a human dimension to the subject that most regulatory discussions lack. Railroad regulator Adams ultimately heads one of the largest railroads. People's champion Brandeis advances policies that in McCraw's rendering are actually anticonsumer. Superstar Landis becomes an alcoholic, a Kennedy family liege, a negligent tax evader. And triumphant deregulator Kahn proves utterly unable to continue his success when he moves to the Council on Wage and Price Stability.

But the dominance of these four personalities also reflects the mistaken idea that the people at the top are omnipotent players in regulation. There's virtually no attention in the book to the people at lower levels, who don't come swooping into government from places like Harvard and Cornell. McCraw's attention to the "prophets" suggests as well the unspoken elitism that informs his account. Again and again, one gets the feeling that McCraw thinks regulation is a question of just getting the "right" people who really *understand* economics.

For all of this, though, McCraw

PLANT CLOSINGS: PUBLIC OR PRIVATE CHOICES?

Richard B. McKenzie
Editor

As the recovery affects different regions unevenly, laws to restrict plant closings and relocations are being considered in Congress and many state legislatures. In this collection of essays, editor Richard McKenzie of Clemson University and other scholars look at the impact of plant closing laws on employment. Such distinguished scholars and policy makers as Charles L. Schultze, James C. Miller III, and William H. Branson broaden the discussion to the overall subject of industrial policy. This book is a vital part of the debate over industrial policy and plant closings. *326 pp. $9.50*

"A systematic and cogent survey of a critical public policy issue."

—**William Allen**
International Institute for Economic Research

Available from the Cato Institute
224 Second Street, SE, Washington, D.C. 20003

CATO INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offers some interesting observations: regulation should be less concerned with legal due process and more concerned with economic efficiency and growth, and it should involve creative efforts to use the regulated industry's self-interest in advancing policy goals.

—*Cliff Sloan*

Staying on Top. Kevin Phillips. *Random House, $15.95.* This book reads like a badly edited, five-part newspaper series written by a reporter who was unable to extricate himself from the clip files, let alone pick up the phone and actually interview someone. But don't be put off merely by the style. The substance, Phillips's 15-point program for "U.S.-industrial competitiveness," is even worse. His business version of an industrial policy ranges from deep thoughts like creating a Department of Trade and boosting federal spending on "technological research" to more tax breaks and antitrust exemptions for multinationals.

If these ideas sound a little familiar, that is intentional. Phillips set out to take the wish lists of business groups, such as the Committee for Economic Development, the Aerospace Industries Association, and the National Association of Manufacturers, and hammer them into a politically, if not intellectually, coherent program. Given the normal desire of most businesses for government to lower their costs and discourage their competitors, Phillips's task was not difficult.

The book's economic proposals are largely self-serving nonsense, but hidden in the fog of 161 well-padded pages are some useful political points. For example, Phillips describes the "Atari" Democrats as "upper-middle-class politicians, educated at Ivy League colleges, representing affluent districts with a substantial high-tech presence." In his view, these liberals are just as "self-interested, electorally and economically," as other politicians. They just represent smaller parts of the population.

Turning to his own party, he believes there is "little support for... rigid free-market adherence in global economics." In fact, Phillips argues, because flag-waving, Sun Belt conservatives now control the Republican party, "nationalism will outweigh adherence to strict free-market ideology among much of the conservative electorate."

—*James C. Rosapepe*

Style Versus Substance: Boston, Kevin White, and the Politics of Illusion. George V. Higgins. *Macmillan, $15.95.* What kind of a book George V. Higgins has written can be deduced simply by studying the paragraph lengths. If the pages sport two- or three-line paragraphs, the book is likely one of the bracing Boston cops-and-robbers yarns that have given Higgins a lasting spot in the history of the crime novel. If most pages contain only two paragraphs, however, the result is often like this one: an overwritten, extended essay (Dr. Johnson with *two* gouty feet) propounding Higgins's occasionally interesting and invariably dour opinions on a wide variety of topics—in this case, given the book's length (212 pages), far too wide a variety.

Higgins's ostensible subject is the 16-year reign of Kevin White as mayor of Boston, or, more specifically, the difference between what White actually accomplished in his tenure and what he was perceived to have done by (alas!) "the Boston media"—a group the author invests with almost superhuman powers despite the fact that he's worked for almost every news outlet in town and should know better. Higgins's central thought is that White's public personality—both the liberal savior of his first term and the corrupt megalomaniac of his last—were products of public illusion more than the man's own deeds. This thesis is valid, but Higgins can't stop there. He ranges high and wide, if not deep, through such subjects as the ethnic makeup of Boston, why public schools have gone to hell, the death of the afternoon newspaper, the worth of urban renewal, the nature of the Red Sox, and other digressions too numerous to mention.

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

–*George Santayana*

First it was Truman and Korea. Then LBJ in Vietnam. Two Asian wars with striking parallels not only by themselves, but fascinating in light of recent developments in Lebanon and Central America.

"The parallels, large and small...are explored for the first time in this solid narrative." –*Publishers Weekly*

"The one lesson Presidents and would-be Presidents should study first."
–Hugh Sidey, Contributing Editor, *Time*

"In the future, anyone who wishes to trace the tangled web of the two conflicts that shaped modern times will have to begin with this book."–George E. Reedy, Nieman Professor of Journalism and Press Secretary to President Lyndon B. Johnson

NEMESIS

Truman and Johnson in the Coils of War in Asia

by ROBERT J. DONOVAN

Author of *Tumultuous Years: The Presidency of Harry S. Truman*

ST. MARTIN'S/MAREK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Higgins's ideas on these subjects are at times invigorating (he is excellent at dissecting public and private hypocrisy) but are marred by his scorn for every aspect of modern life in the city of Boston (save sailing and skiing)—especially that of the poor sods who live there, whom he trashes with vigor regardless of race, sex, creed, or sexual preference.

—Michael Gee

The Uncertain Triumph: Federal Education Policy in the Kennedy and Johnson Years. Hugh Davis Graham. *University of North Carolina Press, $22.* The sterility and irrelevance of the "education debate"—what little there was—between Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale should be painfully apparent by now. The president proposed tuition tax credits, school prayer, and less federal aid to education (though his latest budget request actually puts the lie to his latter wish). Mondale, in thrall to the teachers' unions, proposed an $11 billion federal program, which consisted largely of across-the-board salary hikes for all teachers—the good, the bad, and the awful. The situation sadly resembled the long-standing defense debate between conservatives and liberals, only with the roles reversed. Conservatives are eager to insinuate that less money is somehow better, while liberals rush to embrace more money as the best, if not the only, solution. Doesn't anyone realize how silly all this is?

Graham's book, which ought to be read by all serious students of government, confirms this harsh judgment. Among its other virtues, this detailed account of federal education policy is a reminder that the education debate at the federal level was once vastly more intelligent than it is today. Yet Graham's account also sheds a great deal of light on today's nondebate, for it helps explain why serious federal action is held in generally low repute. For all its good intentions, the federal government's initiatives of the 1960s (especially under Lyndon Johnson) often fell victim to a formidable combination: cautious federal bureaucrats, selfish congressmen, powerful special-interest groups, and the vagaries of presidential leadership.

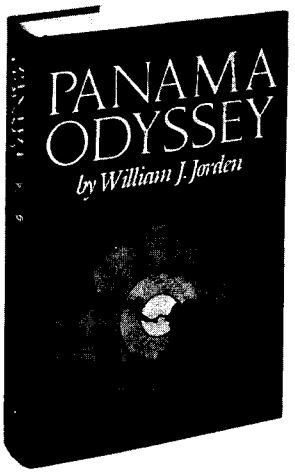
The pattern repeated itself many times. A presidential task force composed of outside experts and key government officials delivers a ringing denunciation of a serious problem. An omnibus bill is proposed, accompanied by grandiloquent promises of efficacy. Congressmen, responding to constituent pressures and more personal calculations (like reelection), counter with a flurry of amendments. Many of these amendments propose additional spending or tack on entirely new programs. Anxious to have a bill to show for his efforts, the president compromises on numerous fronts. Once enacted, the law becomes the focus of bureaucrats and constituent groups with a special stake in its implementation. The former prefer what is most familiar; leaders of the latter keep a keen eye posted for employment opportunities.

The result? Programs that accomplished something, but that must be viewed as failures next to their original, overblown claims. Another fallout: enough ammunition to make fallacious analyses like those of Reagan ("SAT scores declined while federal spending for education increased") seem superficially plausible.

One example explored by Graham is Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, which provided federal aid for certain poor (and disproportionately minority) children and was the cornerstone of LBJ's education program.

Few can quarrel with the impetus behind Title I: Given the long and sorry history of state and local neglect of poor children, some federal role was justified. Yet to attract broad congressional support, the White House made eligibility standards so loose that 95 percent of the nation's 30,000 school districts qualified for some Title I aid. Once implemented, the complexity of the guidelines often worked to the disadvantage of the poor districts. More affluent ones could better afford the program

"A classic."
—FOREIGN AFFAIRS



"This magnificent diplomatic memoir-history by the American ambassador to Panama at the time should be required reading for every diplomat or student of diplomacy. It is candid, exciting and subtle in its treatment of personalities, politics and the tangled facts of a complicated story."
—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"His gusto and his overwhelming mastery of the subject are irresistible."
—WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD

". . . this is the 'sleeper' book of the year, which gives the reader one of the rare opportunities to be invited into a crucial set of negotiations."
—NEW YORK TIMES

". . . Panama Odyssey *is magnificent history at its best."*
—DALLAS MORNING NEWS

A first-hand account of the negotiations culminating in the Panama Canal Treaties of 1978—an insider's view of how the United States conducts its foreign policy.

780 pages with 8 pages of historic photographs
$24.50 hardcover

At bookstores now.
Or order from
University of Texas Press
BOX 7819 AUSTIN, TEXAS 78713

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directors and grant-writers who could take full advantage of the act. Where money did reach the poor, it was still not enough to provide much leverage. The $13 billion in Title I funds spent in the act's first decade, Graham notes, represented only 8 percent of all expenditures for public elementary and secondary education. Perhaps most important, contrary to Reagan's portrait of heavy-handed federal bureaucrats, the money came with too *few* strings attached. The Office of Education largely deferred to state and local officials, who generally had little enthusiasm for aiding the poor. The result was "the worst of both worlds," Graham writes, a "weak and vaguely defined categorical program" that "represented a frail instrument for achieving the inflated hopes of the Great Society to educate the children of the poor."

—Phillip Keisling

The World According to Jimmy Breslin. Jimmy Breslin. *Ticknor and Fields, $15.95.* For around 20 years, Jimmy Breslin has been showing New Yorkers how good daily journalism can be. Now the best of his *Daily News* columns have been collected in a book, and, unlike most daily reporting, his pieces hold up remarkably well.

Breslin, along with Gay Talese and Tom Wolfe, is generally acknowledged as one of the pioneers of the 1960s New Journalism, and the qualities that brought so much attention to his work then are still very much in evidence. There's his marvelous eye for the telling human detail, his ear for dialogue, his newsman's unerring sense of the "angle" in every story. But whether he's covering a black kid murdered on a basketball court for a pair of red sneakers or Irish Protestants reacting to a Pope's visit, Breslin also brings to his work passion that makes most other columnists look bland, timid, and lazy. Above all, Breslin does something few other columnists bother to do: he actually gets out of his chair and goes out into the streets to talk to people involved in a news event.

His greatest strength is his eagerness to seek out the "little guy" or bit players who are part of larger dramas, and then tell their story. By doing so, he also offers an ironic or poignant commentary on the news of the day. The prototypical Breslin story of the 1960s, for instance, involved his spending the early morning hours with the grave-digger on the day of John F. Kennedy's burial. By now, since this approach has often been adopted by younger journalists influenced by Breslin, it may seem like a tired cliche, and even in Breslin's hands it sometimes borders on self-parody. Moreover, his prose style, heavily influenced by Hemingway and Damon Runyon, occasionally becomes heavy-handed. But there's still an undeniable power when he shows us, on the day the Iranian hostages came home, the widow of an Air Force sergeant who died during the botched rescue mission, or when he visits with paraplegic Israeli soldiers at the same time the Israeli cabinet signs the Camp David accords.

—Art Levine

(continued from page 11)

a Saturday afternoon devoted to waiting anxiously at the newsstand nearest to *The New York Times* building for the first copy of the real estate section, which was distributed in advance of the rest of the Sunday paper—decent apartments could be found in the $60-to-$100-a-month range. . . .

Buried at the bottom of a column on life in Florida by Jon Nordheimer of *The New York Times* was an example of the quality of mercy we have come to expect from the medical profession:

A man is shot in the abdomen and his aorta is severed, but paramedics stabilize him and get him to a Miami hospital where the emergency room staff gives him blood transfusions and prepares him for surgery.

A surgeon on call is summoned to the hospital but once there is told that the gunshot victim, a Miami sanitation worker, has a different medical insurance plan than the one he, the physician, is associated with.

What followed is a matter of dispute.

According to an emergency room physician, the surgeon refused to operate and told the physician to summon a surgeon who handled patients with the victim's type of insurance plan.

Meanwhile, the surgeon goes to the hospital coffee shop because, as he later says, he was told the victim was stable and another surgeon would be coming in to treat him. The staff does call another surgeon at home but before he can reach the hospital the victim's condition deteriorates.

"I don't want to die," the victim says before losing consciousness.

The emergency room physician goes to the cafeteria twice and implores the first surgeon to begin surgery, he later says, to be turned down. The surgeon later insists he was told he was not needed.

The second surgeon finally arrives, about one and a half hours after the victim was admitted, and tries to save the man's life. The victim dies on the operating table. . . .

—Charles Peters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fall VIP's* from McGraw-Hill

At Dawn We Slept, Miracle at Midway, and now...

TARGET TOKYO

The Story of the Sorge Spy Ring

By Gordon W. Prange with Donald M. Goldstein and Katherine V. Dillon

Your next bestseller from the authors who have captured the World War II market! As riveting as a thriller, this account of espionage on a grand scale focuses on Richard Sorge, the charismatic Soviet master spy whose agents penetrated the top echelons of Japan's government before and during World War II. 704 pages. *Illus. with photos.* $24.95

Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate
History Book Club Selection
Conservative Book Club Selection

A fresh look at one of WWII's most crucial—and costly—battles

OPERATION AVALANCHE

The Salerno Landings, 1943

By Des Hickey and Gus Smith

"**Readers will find new material** about...one of the major campaigns of World War II that came very close to disaster. The authors emphasize the element of suspense throughout two main levels of narration. The first revolves around the tactical conceptions of Allied Gen. Mark Clark and German Field Marshal Albert Kesselring. The second follows the fortunes of a handful of frontline soldiers, heroes from both sides."—*Publishers Weekly. Illus. with photos & maps.* $17.95

"Belongs on the shelf beside William L. Shirer's *20th Century Journey*"*

AMERICA INSIDE OUT

At Home and Abroad from Roosevelt to Reagan

By David Schoenbrun

Says Dan Rather: "A master journalist, writer, and storyteller, David Schoenbrun is a legend among reporters everywhere. This book reminds us why. It's lively history, with new sunbursts of thought, insight, and humor all the way through." And from the first rave review: "In this enormously readable autobiography, Schoenbrun...grips the reader with his telling of what it was like to be an eyewitness to the great scenes of modern history....Marvelously candid." —**Publishers Weekly.* $17.95

*Very Important Purchases

At your bookstore now.

McGRAW-HILL 84

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stan Bloss Sun Comp district eng fishing with in the Sant Barbara Channel.

SUN, OIL AND THE FISHERMAN'S SON. People get a lot of fish from the Santa Barbara Channel. And this is where Sun Company gets a lot of oil—more than three million barrels a year! Around here oil is our business. But Sun people like Stan Blossom can tell you it's not our only concern.

"I work for Sun, but I also fish in these waters. And I want my son's generation to fish here too. That's why precautions like our containment unit are so important. In case of a spill, it would quickly surround the oil and help prevent damage.

"This is just one of the ways we're helping to make sure there'll be many more years of fishing around here."

At Sun, we think putting energy back into the environment is as important as getting it out.

WHERE THERE'S SUN THERE'S ENERGY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED